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MOLLY BEAMISH

BY

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I.

THE Chase was one of the pleasantest houses in the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells, and Todmorden, its owner, had lent it to Sir Patrick Beamish for the season.

Todmorden, a gentleman with plenty of money and an assimilative mind, had built the Chase after his return from the Grand Tour, evidence of which lay in the French windows of the lower rooms, the ceiling of the dining-room copied from a house in Florence, and the upholstery of the blue drawing-room taken from a villa by the Lake of Geneva.

The kindest-hearted man in the world, a friend of the Prince Regent, a great gambler, deep drinker, and *bon viveur*, he had become of late years rooted to St. James' Street and the Mall, leaving his pretty villa at the Wells in charge of a caretaker and gardener.

Beamish, an Irish baronet with a lawsuit and a pretty daughter, no money but a fine personality, and no enemies except himself, had met Todmorden at play, won a hundred guineas from him, and borrowed his villa at the Wells for the season. And he had done it all in such a manner, with such a warmth of heart, that Todmorden was the man who felt under compliment, not Beamish. This morning Miss Beamish, fresh from the garden, without her hat, with her dark hair slightly in disorder, and bearing a huge bunch of newly-plucked flowers, entered the blue drawing-room by the open French window.

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As she entered the room footsteps on the gravel drive made her turn her head. It was the postman from the Wells, an antiquated and leisurely individual, most unofficial in appearance, and wearing across his shoulder the lean post-bag of a day when circulars were not, and the lowest charge for a letter was a shilling.

"Bother!" said Miss Beamish. "What does he want now?"

The postman was generally a herald of trouble for the Beamishes; an emissary, as a rule, from the dark country of the duns and lawyers which lay beyond the confines of their brilliant and merry little circle.

"More bills, I expect," said Miss Beamish, taking a bowl from a shelf, placing it on a table by the window, and beginning to arrange her flowers. That the bowl was empty of water was a detail that did not occur to her.

It was a huge bunch plucked from the heart of summer; a huge, old-fashioned bouquet containing the soul and sweetness of an English garden in mid-June: roses white and red, sweet peas, carnations, geraniums; green, sweet-smelling stuff, and, to complete the charm, a grass-green caterpillar looping amidst the leaves.

Forgetful of postmen, duns, debts, and lawyers, Miss Beamish busied herself with these things, and was in the act of putting the completing touch to her *beau pot* when the door opened and a stout gentleman with a finely-colored archiepiscopal face, a coat of faded plum-colored velvet, a left stocking negligently gartered, and a manner free and easy as his dress, burst into the room.

"Glory be to God!" said this gentleman. "Did n't you hear me calling you? Where have you been? Here you are with your flowers and your fancies, and we ruined!"

He was holding an open letter in his hand, and he thrust it toward the priestess of Flora, who, quite unconcerned, took it, glanced at it, tried to decipher the crabbed writing, failed, and cast it on the table.

Sir Patrick Beamish, who was making a tour of the room, kicking away footstools and such things as were in his path, came to a sudden pause.

"I'll shoot Kinsella, e'cod I'll put a bullet through his black heart as sure as my name is Beamish! And he a lawyer leading me on from one pretense to another! 'You'll win as sure as day,' says he. 'Westenra has n't a leg to stand on,' says he, and now look, without even an apology I get a letter to say the lawsuit is over and the Cork estate gone."

"Well, 't is gone, and what's the use of troubling?" said Miss Beamish, who was sick of the action, the Cork estate, the lawyers, and the whole hopeless business. Sir Patrick Beamish drew back as though some one had struck at him, and stared at his daughter.

"Gone! No, 't is *not* gone, for as sure as there is a sun in heaven I'll fight it before the Lords! To the devil with the King's Beach! Where's

the use of a law-court where a man can't get justice? I'll show them what justice is. Gone! And to think a child of mine would stand up to my face and tell me I was as good as a coward!"

"Listen to him!" cried Molly, as though she were addressing an audience. Then, turning to Sir Patrick:

"I did n't."

"There you go contradicting me!" cried the elder, now really incensed. "It was not what you said, miss, but the way you said it. 'T is gone,' said you, without letting me get a word in, without listening for an explanation; as if a Beamish would lie on his back and let himself be kicked out of his property by a parcel of lawyers and thieves, without raising a foot or a finger in his own defense!"

"Now he's off," said Molly, still with the air of explaining Sir Patrick to an audience; then suddenly to Sir Patrick:

"I give in. I give in. La! what's the use? I give in."

"Well, if you give in," said the mollified one, "there's no more to be said, but don't say it again. I've troubles enough to fight without dissensions between us. Troubles and worries—that's all the world's made of—me dear child!" His eyes became moist and his hands fell on her shoulders—Molly, plucking a flower from the vase, was placing it in his coat.

"T is beautiful," said she, patting the flower with her little palm. "Now pay me for it."

He took her in his arms and began kissing her face, and, as he held her to him, her little hands went rummaging about the great pockets of his coat.

"That's enough. I don't want kisses. I want money—money—money."

"Money!" cried Sir Patrick, now laughing and holding her from him. "That's your cry, is it? Faith, I could almost believe it was your late lamented mother speaking!"

"Then, listen to her voice."

"It was n't her voice I was referring to, but her sentiments. Money! Zounds! And where do you think I'd get money?"

"The bank—anywhere. My faith! What care I so long as you give me it!"

"And what do you want money for?" asked Sir Patrick, slipping into an arm-chair and taking her on his knee.

"What do I want it for, and six people coming to dinner this very day, and nothing in the house, and no credit in the whole of Tunbridge Wells! I can get Rose Cowslip's mother to help in the cooking, but I must have a man to take the place of William——"

"Six people coming to dinner!" cut in Sir Patrick. "Who asked them?"

"You," said Molly, straightening his cravat.

"I? Never!"

"Listen to him!" cried Molly.

"Six people, and I with all this law business on my head! Who asked them?"

"Did you not ask Mr. Mufton?"

"Oh, faith, I did!" cried Sir Patrick, clapping his hand to his wig as if the remembrance had suddenly struck him there.

"Lady Poyns—Lady Dexter."

"I forgot."

"Mr. Shawbury."

"I remember now!"

"And no money to feed them with and no credit! Byles, when I sent down this morning for the fish, sent me back his bill and said I would find plenty of fish on the bill. Wright, the butcher, said he would be delighted to serve us—with a writ. It has given us a bad name, that wretched cook and housemaid going off like that the day before yesterday. I mean, they must have given us a bad name, for what the green-stuff shop said, Rose Cowslip, whom I sent on the message, would not repeat—'t was monstrous!"

Sir Patrick rose and put his hand into one of his capacious pockets and drew forth a long, green silk purse.

"Did I ever deny you anything?" said he. "Have n't you always been my first thought? Money—of course you must have money." He spoke as though he were about to plunge his hand into the coffers of the Bank of England, and as he spoke he slipped a ring of the purse, inserted his fingers, and drew forth a coin.

"What's this? A brass farthing with a hole in it for luck." He opened the other end. "What's these? Card-room counters! I remember now, I stuffed them in to give the old purse a show. I had a five-poun' note; what went with it—what went with it?"

"Lord Langrish went with it, I expect," said Molly. "I saw you at Madame Bezique's last night—you and he playing piquet."

"Faith, so you did!" replied Sir Patrick, putting the counters in the purse and the purse on the table. "And that reminds me, I owe him thirty guineas. Never mind, you can't find money when there is n't any, and the long and the short of it is, I'll have to borrow some."

"Oh, lud!" said Molly.

"What now, miss?"

"Whom are you to borrow from?"

Sir Patrick turned. "Who'm I to borrow from—with the whole of Tunbridge Wells before me!"

Molly laughed. "Yes, but when it comes to a question of borrowing money I expect you'll find the whole of Tunbridge Wells behind you."

Oh, did you but see these people as I see them! They have purses instead of hearts, and half the purses are empty."

"Empty or full," said Sir Patrick Beamish, "never have I been better received than here, never have I had so many invitations, never have I had so many warm hands held out to me as here——"

"For your guineas."

"From the highest to the lowest. Did you not see Lady Trumpington last night, and she turning to me like a queen——"

"Yes, and I saw her turning the king at *ecarté* two minutes before. Dear Father, did these people know our condition, every door would be closed on us; and I fear our condition is very nearly known, else those tradespeople would not have acted so this morning." She turned—some one had knocked at the door. The door opened, and Rose Cowslip appeared with something in her hand and half under her apron.

"An' you please, miss, a letter," said the servitor.

"Who brought it?" asked Miss Beamish, taking it and breaking the seal.

"A man, miss."

She withdrew, and the girl cast her eye over the contents of the sheet of paper in her hand.

She turned pale, then red.

"It's out," said she, "all about us. Listen:

"Lady Poyns regrets that a slight indisposition will prevent her from having the pleasure of dining to-day with Sir Patrick and Miss Beamish'

—and the last time she wrote it was 'dear Miss Molly Beamish'! If it was n't the servants, it was Foote, that wretched tailor from Jermyn Street you met in the Pantiles yesterday morning, who has given news of us, said Heaven knows what; and I expect Lady Dexter will write now and put us off from seeing the Marchioness."

"The Marchioness!"

"Do you not remember we were all going after dinner to-night to Lady Dexter's reception to meet the Marchioness of Blagdon, that's coming from town to stay with her ladyship. The old woman was to arrive at nine, and we were to go and play cards and lick the dust of the journey off her shoes. I was to go especially, as 'the dear Marchioness is so fond of bright young people.' This is war. All the old cats are going to fall on me. I feel it. Well, let it be war. Father, let us leave here to-morrow and go back to town. We have still our apartments in Maddox Street."

"Faith, I'm ready to go," replied Sir Patrick. "I only came here to please you."

"Very well," replied Miss Beamish. "And now leave me whilst I serve these old cats with sour milk."

Sir Patrick went out, and Miss Beamish, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, sat down to her desk, took a sheet of paper, and wrote:

Miss Beamish regrets that a slight indisposition will prevent her having the pleasure of receiving Lady Poyns at dinner to-day.

The thing was in the manner of a *tu quoque* and poor enough at that, but it was only the beginning of her campaign. To Mr. Mufton, Mr. Shawbury, and the three other expected guests she wrote similar notes, addressed them, sealed them, rang the bell for Rose Cowslip, and, handing her the missives, instructed her to leave them at the different houses.

"You need not wait for an answer," said Molly.

Then, when the servant had left the room, she cast herself on the couch by the window and wept. Weeping in those days was part of a woman's every-day business. To let large tears trickle down one's cheeks was an art—now forgotten. But the weeping of Miss Beamish was a whole-hearted business, devoid of art.

She burrowed with her face in the pillows, shook, sobbed, and then, the crisis over, sat up flushed and bright-eyed. She had suddenly remembered the Marchioness.

By her hasty action in writing to the expected guests, she had literally put herself out of court.

She longed to see the Marchioness of Blagdon, that eccentric dame whose past love affairs and frailties, present wit, and wine-drinking were the talk of the town.

This wicked and witty old woman, whose famous retort to the Regent is not printed in the polite histories of the time, exercised upon the young and sprightly and innocent Molly a fascination impossible to imagine unless you are a woman.

And now by insulting the fine ladies of the Wells she had denied herself the pleasure of a meeting with this wonderful person.

She had smacked Tunbridge Wells society in the face, quite forgetting the Marchioness. It would be plainly impossible to go to Lady Dexter's, considering that all these people would be there.

Then came a flash of hope. Perhaps Rose Cowslip had not started yet. Quite forgetting that if she succeeded in recapturing the letters she would have to give an impossible dinner-party, she ran from the room, down the corridor, past the hall to the kitchen.

The door was wide open on the yard, the kitchen was brave with sunlight, but empty of life. Miss Beamish ran from the kitchen into the yard, and then by the kitchen garden she sought the pathway through the wood, which formed a short cut to the high-road.

The pines had cast a soft carpet of needles on the path; it led straight down to the road which lay, a great splash of sunlight, at the end of the twilight alley.

There was no sign of the servant, and, giving up hope, Miss Beamish was turning to go back to the house when a voice at her elbow made her start.

II.

A YOUNG man had stepped from behind a tree-bole—a handsome youth of some twenty-two years, dressed in riding attire, dusty and frayed by brambles. Wild of eye and rather dishevelled, he seemed to be a man making his escape from pursuit. As a matter of fact, he was.

"My dear young lady," said this apparition in a gabbling voice, "pray don't fear me. I am spent with running, e'cod I'm exhausted and can't speak well. I am being pursued. If you belong to this house and can give me a hole to hide in, save me."

Molly glanced him over, saw his necessity, and, forgetting Rose Cowslip, Tunbridge Wells, Lady Poyns, and Lady Dexter, without a moment's hesitation, said, "Come."

She turned to the house, walking rapidly, he following, through the kitchen garden, through the yard, to the kitchen.

"Saved," said the panting one, as she closed the door and drew the bar, "for the moment. A near shave—a deuced near shave! Can I ever thank you! Now, one of those confounded girls who are always fainting and screaming would have fainted or screamed——" Then, suddenly, with a courtliness and grace impossible to a common man, he sank on his left knee upon the flagged floor of the kitchen, took her hand, kissed the tips of her fingers, rose again, and bowed.

Molly curtsied in return, the kitchen became at once a reception-room, and the pots and pans glorified.

"I trust, sir," said she, "I would be never backward in helping those who need help."

"That I swear you would n't," said the young man. "Though I have been a fool to put myself in this position, I do not count my folly anything but wisdom, in that it has made me acquainted with so sweet a savior. But a truce to compliments. Your servants——"

"Sir," said Molly, "our one servant is out upon a message. We have been unfortunate in servants: our cook and chief maid quarrelled and left us three days ago, this morning William, our man, took his departure. Rose Cowslip, our only maid at present, is out."

"You are alone, then," said the cavalier. "Then, madam, pray excuse me, but rather than place you in an invidious position I will, if you will open that door, walk out and face my pursuers, or seek what shelter I can find."

"Madam is quite able to take care of herself," replied Molly, charmed completely with this delicacy of feeling in the other. "No, sir, I will not let you face your pursuers whilst this house gives you a refuge. I know not what you have done, but I am sure from your face and your conduct you have done nothing wicked."

"To be frank with you at once," said the other, "I am a gentleman of the road, who took to the road only last night in a fit of desperation and folly. Madam, last night, under the moon—and a glorious summer moon it was—I robbed a rich man of his purse. He was driving in a chaise and pair. I stopped it and took his purse, which I desperately needed."

"Ah!" said Molly, drawing slightly back.

"Hear the end. With his purse in my hand, and his white face gaping at the window, I said to myself, 'Here is a thing you have done, "gentleman of the road"! Forsooth! you are a common cutpurse.' With that, my arm of itself flung the purse at the white babbling face, and I rode off.

"They raised the countryside on me, and I was pursued. Rode helter-skelter over hedges and ditches, left my horse, and took to the woods. This is the only act I have ever done which a gentleman would not do. I have dived away a fortune, I have acted the part of folly, but it seems to me I never learnt wisdom till last night—too late."

"Nay, sir," replied Molly; "'t is never too late. What you have said only confirms my first assurance that you were a gentleman who had fallen on misfortune. Now, how are you to proceed? When you leave here, what are you to do so that you may disguise yourself?"

"That I must think about," replied the young man, "for if I am caught—heavens!"

Footsteps sounded from the passage outside, the door of the kitchen flew open, and Sir Patrick Beamish entered with a guinea in his hand.

He had found it in his desk, and he was holding it between finger and thumb, searching for his daughter to show it to her.

"Father," said Miss Beamish, "this is a gentleman who——" She ceased, for Sir Patrick, after staring for a second in astonishment at the stranger, was advancing with outstretched hand. (He had popped the guinea into his pocket.)

"Why, sure to goodness," cried Sir Patrick, "but this is an unexpected pleasure, my dear Mr.——"

"Nay, my dear Sir Patrick," cut in the stranger, with vivacity, "pray forget my name, or, at all events, do not remember it for the moment. You see a man hard pressed by events and Bow Street runners. I last met you in the pleasant company of wine, cards, and the best of good fellows. I meet you now in your own kitchen, a fugitive, a hunted man——"

"And what do I care?" cried Sir Patrick. "Who'd ever think of apologizing because the law was after him? My dear Mr.—I *beg* your pardon—believe me, I've quite forgot your name. Ah, yes, I remember now, it's Smith. My dear Mr. Smith, make yourself at home and welcome. So you're running away from the law? Sure, I've done it myself! Confound the law and those that made it! I've lost a suit myself only this morning—lost as fine a property as any in County Cork, and all through the lawyers. I'm yours to command, to my purse or my life. But what are we doing standing here in the kitchen? Come into the drawing-room and have a glass of wine. Molly, tell the girl to bring us a bottle and a biscuit, and hang Mr. Smith's hat up——"

"'Pon my soul!" cried Mr. Smith, "you overwhelm me. 'Tis good to meet a friend like you. Till my dying day I will feel the warmth of your hand. But, my dear Sir Patrick, the coal-hole or the dust-bin, anywhere dark and secret, would be a more convenient shelter than a gentleman's drawing-room for a fool who has acted as I have done."

He told his escapade of the night before.

"Did they see your face?" asked the other. "Don't tell me you let them see your face!"

"I' faith, no! I went about the business in a domino I had worn at a masked ball the night before. It was the domino that gave me the idea, but they saw my height and build, for I dismounted to milk the coach——"

"And the horse you left tethered—is there anything on it to betray you?"

"No, for it was a horse I borrowed without asking the loan."

"Damme!" said Sir Patrick, "if they were to catch you, the purse is nothing, for you flung it back, and you could put it down to a freak. But the horse——"

"Means hanging."

"Pish!" replied Sir Patrick. "They'd never hang *you*, but the affair would no doubt occasion a good deal of unpleasant commotion in polite circles. Why, my dear Mr.—I *beg* your pardon, I was on the point of remembering your name—what I meant to say, my dear Mr. Smith, was, your uncle would have only to crook his finger to make all these scamps who are against you go on their knees. Well, well, let's forget about it all. Come on, my daughter Molly has gone to see about some refreshment for you after your—journey. Come on—bother the coal-hole! Your place is in my drawing-room, and let any man lay a finger on you in my house, and, b' gad, I'll scraff him!"

Sir Patrick, with a courtly gesture, led the way to the blue drawing-room, where Molly, in the absence of Rose Cowslip, had laid out on a table a decanter of port, another of Madeira, and a cake in a silver basket. Whatever the state of their finances might be, there was

always, somehow, cake and wine in the Beamish household, and before many minutes were over so intimate were they that Sir Patrick was sketching his affairs, his immediate necessities, and a plan which he had been carrying to unfold to his daughter when he entered the kitchen with the guinea.

"I may tell you at once," said Sir Patrick, "that I've lost so heavy at cards since I've been at the Wells, I am in a moment of temporary disability. 'Fore gad, I believe I'm at my last guinea—for the moment—and— Molly dear, I was coming to tell you of my idea when Mr.—I beg your pardon—Mr. Jones"—

"Smith," put in the stranger.

"—Mr. Smith's business took my mind away. See here: the London coach passes up the road in half an hour. I'd better take it, get our rooms ready, and see Todmorden or some one with a view to a loan. I can be back by the morning coach, for, if we stay here till the guinea is gone, and no credit, and a lot of old cats swindling us at cards and taking our characters away, 'tis starved we'll be—you'll excuse me, Mr. Smith, mentioning my private affairs. Sure, Molly, you need n't be making faces at me. Are n't we all in the same bother, and like one family in affliction?—if Mr.—Mr. Smith will excuse the presumption of the remark."

"By gad," said Mr. Smith, smacking his knee at the new idea that had struck him, "I never thought of that before! If I had n't been in trouble I should never have known what good folk there were in the world, and if you had n't been in worry about money, you would n't have told me your private affairs, and we should n't have known one another so well. There's some use in trouble, e'cod, and I never thought of that before.

"Now, my dear Sir Patrick, I have no purse, or the half of it would be yours. I have no possession in the world for the moment but a rich uncle, whom I have offended. I can make only one return for your hospitality and goodness: I can say to you, if my presence here during your absence seems inconvenient, say so to me, and I go. I will fight my way back to London, somehow, and to friends who will help me, and I will not take it amiss, sir, that you give me my *congé*. Nay, for what you have done I am your friend now and always."

"Why, God help me, sir," cried Sir Patrick, "I should account myself forever dishonored if I felt that in any word of mine I suggested such a course! You will *not*, sir, leave this house till I can provide a safe means of conduct for you. To-morrow I will be back by noon, with, I hope, a coach for our journey to town from this accursed place, where there is no honor even amongst the thieves, and no sense of gentility. And now, sir, your hand!"

He held out his hand, and as the other grasped it Molly, who had

been listening with admiration to the sentiments just expressed, sprang to the window.

Far away and faint from the direction of the Wells came the cheerful notes of a coach horn.

"The coach!" cried Molly. "It has left the Wells, 't will be past in a minute. Run, Father! The back way is quickest—take the path through the woods. Your hat? Why, 't is in the hall. Nay, I have forgot! You are in your old coat and things—you cannot face the town like that."

All of which, cometic and dying away, Mr. Smith heard, as the distracted Sir Patrick, still in the old plum-colored coat wanting several buttons, and with his left stocking slipping down his leg, made through the hall, the kitchen passage, and the kitchen.

In a minute the girl returned, flushed, half laughing, half crying, and beautiful.

"Oh!" she cried, "to think of it, in those clothes! Not that he cares—not that I care—but if any of the people of the Wells are on the coach, this will be our last straw!"

"I' faith," said Mr. Smith, "these same people of the Wells seem to be a precious crowd. I would as lief they laughed at me as loved me. Now, my dear Miss Beamish, I pray you make me at home in the only way you can do so. Look on me as one of the family. An uncle—a disreputable but honest-hearted uncle—to be chidden and bidden as you please; or, if it pleases you better, a servant."

Before she could reply a ring came to the hall door-bell. So engrossed had they been that Molly had not heard footsteps upon the gravel of the drive.

"'T is Rose Cowslip returned," she said. "'T is quite like her stupidity to come to the front door. Nay, I remember now, I bolted the kitchen door after Father. Stay here. I will admit her."

"Allow me!" cried Mr. Smith. But she was gone.

She ran through the hall, opened the front door, and found herself face to face with an exquisite.

It was Mr. Mufton, the gentleman whom they had asked to dinner that day, and to whom she had sent Rose Cowslip with the putting-off letter.

III.

He was twenty-four years of age. Stout, pale of face, with tassels to his boots, a tassel to his cane, and a quizzing-glass hanging by a ribbon; wearing a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a fob-chain with three seals, the lady-killer of the Wells stood before the astonished Miss Beamish, hat in hand and smiling.

"My dear Miss Beamish," said this extraordinary creature. "What

a delightful surprise! Charmed, I am sure, that your fair hand should open the door to me! But the fact is, I called to condole—to inquire—the fact is, I received your letter from your servant on the road——”

“Will you not enter, sir?” said the hospitable Molly, with a pang at the thought that the Wells had perhaps not meant to snub them, inasmuch as here stood before her the chief and most renowned character of the place: Mufton of the Park, unmarried, and worth four thousand a year.

“Charmed, I am sure!”

“But, please, a moment——”

She rushed back to the blue drawing-room.

“There’s a gentleman at the door called to see us: would you mind coming into the boudoir? Then he will not see you. His name is Mufton, and he lives at the Park here, and he is very stupid, but I must invite him in.”

“Certainly, certainly,” said Mr. Smith, following her into the boudoir that opened off the drawing-room. “Anywhere will do for me——”

“I will not detain you long,” replied Molly, closing the door on him.

Next moment she was leading Mufton into the drawing-room.

Mr. Mufton looked about him with his quizzing-glass, dropped it, and took the seat offered to him.

“I had expected to find you in bed,” said Mufton. “I mean, you know, indisposed; yet the blush of health never burned brighter on your cheek. Your indisposition——”

“Oh, sir, my indisposition has nothing to do with my cheeks. ’T was a headache——”

“Cruel headache, yet kindly in its way to grant me this interview tête-à-tête. Quite charmed to see you so charming.”

“Quite charmed, sir, to see you so charmed.”

“Ha, la, la! That’s good!” cried Mufton. “That’s the best thing I’ve heard for a long time.”

“La, sir!” replied Molly. “If that is so, I must pity your ears.”

“Now, that’s cruel—upon my soul, that’s cruel. That’s repartee, you know.”

“Oh, sir,” replied Miss Beamish, whose thoughts were half upon Mufton and half upon the depleted larder, where a cold chicken, a bone of York ham, and a few eggs were all that offered themselves for the preparation of a meal for Mr. Smith, “nothing is further from my mind than to attempt repartee with *you*. May I not offer you some wine instead?”

“I thank you, no—my dear Miss Beamish, let us forget and forgive quizzing. I wish to be serious.” He drew his chair an inch towards hers.

“Don’t, sir!” said Molly.

“Don’t—what?”

"Try to be serious."

"A fellow winds himself up for a business like this and all you say is, 'Don't!' Is that fair? Now, is that fair? Now, hand upon heart, is that fair?"

"Excuse me, sir, but if you have wound yourself up, you seem to have forgotten the key to your meaning. A business like what, pray?"

"Oh, you know."

"I know nothing about business. I am the most unbusinesslike person in nature."

"Egad," said Mufton, "so am I." His grandfather had been breeches-maker and money-lender to the court. "Business and trade are my aversion. I assure you, I am so sensitive of skin that I shiver at the very name of a tradesman."

"How funny! So do I."

"Ah, I thought we should find a common footing at last. If we can find one point in common, we are sure to find another—and that's sense, you know."

"I must tell you, sir," said Miss Beamish, "and that before we go further: I have a horror of sense. I much prefer nonsense."

"So do I—and there we have another point in common," and the lady-killer, who had been tapping his chair with his tasselled cane, drew his chair an inch closer.

"I hate common things," said Miss Beamish, drawing an inch further away, and looking her vis-à-vis over, and wishing he would be gone. "But it seems, sir, we have wandered from the point of that business to which you had wound yourself up. Have you found the key?"

"My dear Miss Beamish," said Mufton, suddenly lapsing from a grin into awful and portentous gravity, "'t is the key to a lady's heart, the golden key which I am searching to find. I will not speak of the sentiment and affection which hurls away the aspersions of your enemies——"

"My enemies, sir?"

"I will not speak of the knowledge that has come to me of your unfortunate position——"

"My unfortunate position!" cried the now infuriated Miss Beamish, rising from her chair.

"I will not speak of the admiration which led to passion," went on Mufton, rising too, with his hand upon his heart. "I come—I came this morning urged by the tongues of the men, the women, who call themselves your friends—I came Miss Beamish—Miss Molly—may I dare to say that word?—to offer that help——"

"Stay, sir," said Molly, forcing herself to be calm. "Before we speak further, I must know what you have heard against me, and by whom spoken?"

Mufton assumed an air of sincerity and bitterness. "By whom spoken? By Lady Poyns, by a dozen others who have gathered from your servants, from your tradesmen, from——"

"Oh, the wretches! They have heard we are poor—we are. That we owe money—we do. That—but stay, sir, your part in this business has still to be explained. Was it to respect those things that you came here this morning?"

"No, madam," replied Mufton, with a grandiloquent air. "To offer you my help."

"Ah!"

"A thousand guineas, nay, fifteen hundred, if my poor purse will find them."

"Ah!" Molly's eyes filled with tears. She clasped her hands and unclasped them.

"I have always known you," she said, in a quivering voice, "as Mr. Mufton of the Park. I now know you as the only generous man in Tunbridge Wells, sir. Your offer of this loan appeals to me by its kind-heartedness. My father will no doubt be pleased to be under the great debt to you. As for myself——"

"But," cried Mufton, taking her hand, "'t is to you I offer it, not as a loan, but a gift——"

"A gift, sir?" cried the girl, not yet reading the meaning of the other. "A gift?"

"A gift," replied the amorous Mufton, slipping an arm round her waist, "asking only your sweet self in return."

She pushed him from her and held him by the arm as she gazed at him.

Then she released him and laughed bitterly. "I presume you came here, sir, to offer me your hand in marriage. I say, in charity to you, I presume you came here to buy a wife for a thousand pounds. Well, wait, sir."

She went to the boudoir door, opened it, and beckoned to Mr. Smith, who came into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Smith," said Miss Beamish, "this gentleman has offered me a thousand pounds to take him as my husband. What do you say?"

"I should say he was dear at the price," replied Mr. Smith, recovering himself after a start which he had made at the sight of Mufton.

Mufton, at the voice of the other, and before three words had left his mouth, also started and clapped the quizzing-glass to his eye from force of habit, for he could see quite well without it.

"Fore gad!" said Mufton.

Then he wheeled, made for the open French window, glanced back with an extraordinary expression mixed of enmity, astonishment, and triumph upon his face, and vanished down the garden-path.

Molly for a moment stood wavering between tears and laughter, then the insult contained in Mufton's words, the knowledge that all these people were against her, and the hatred of them, became too much for her. She cast herself on the couch and wept.

Mr. Smith stood by biting his nails, pale like a man who has received a blow or an insult which he cannot avenge.

Then Molly sat up, her eyes flashing.

"Oh, the wretches! Oh, sir, if you had but heard that fool, did you but know these people, you would pity me that I cannot revenge myself upon them!" She rose and paced the floor, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing.

"They and their Marchioness of Blagdon——"

"The Marchioness of Blagdon!" cried Mr. Smith, caught away from his thoughts by the name. "What has she to do with them?"

Molly told in a few sentences that gave all details and left Lady Dexter without a feather of reputation.

"And you say she is coming to the Wells to-night?" said the young man excitedly.

"She is to arrive at Lady Dexter's at nine," replied Molly, "and, as I told you, I was invited to meet her. I have half a mind to go—and pull her disreputable old nose. *She* is considered quite proper, she, just because she is a marchioness. And a poor girl, because she—oh!"

"Don't!" cried Mr. Smith, who saw a new storm of tears about to break. "You *shall* go and meet her. I know she is an old—rip, but she has a heart of a sort, and when she hears how these people have set on you she'll be your friend."

"But how is she to hear?"

"I will arrange that."

"You know her?"

"Yes."

"But how will you meet her?"

"I will stop her carriage on the road. I would know the old yellow travelling-carriage, by the sound of its wheels. I will leave here by the back entrance and take to the woods. These fellows who pursued me have given up the chase by this. I will work along the belt of woods that skirts the road, sticking behind a hedge till her carriage comes, and stop it. She is a friend who will help me out of my difficulties, too. She is always hard up, though that old, miserly scoundrel of a husband of hers has forty thousand pounds a year, but she has helped me several times."

"La, sir, but who are you?" asked the astonished Molly.

"Your friend and devoted slave," replied Mr. Smith. "And now, if you will permit me, and give me a crust of bread to sustain me till evening, I will leave the house and take to the friendly trees at once."

"But why? Surely it is dangerous!"

"It is more dangerous here. Do you know who that fat-faced macaroni is whom I have just insulted, and who, if I had been better placed, I should have kicked from the premises?"

"You mean Mr. Mufton?"

"Yes. He is the man I robbed last night, and he recognized me by my voice and no doubt my figure. Heavens!"

Molly had suddenly grown pale to the lips, he had just time in which to catch her in his arms before she fainted.

"Confound it!" cried the distracted Mr. Smith, as he held the beautiful burden for a moment in his embrace, before depositing it on the sofa.

IV.

MISS BEAMISH, as I dare say you have gathered, was of an impetuous nature, vivacious, warm-hearted, impressionable, all of which attributes, together with others more recondite, must account for the fact that she went into her faint filled with terror for Mr. Smith, and came out of it in love with him.

He was kneeling beside her, holding her hand, distracted, quite forgetful of everything but her condition. After the first moment of disgust at the obstacle that had suddenly been put before his flight, the thought came to him like a blinding flash that it was on his account she had fainted. And it was. The impressionable Molly had bound her feelings so completely up with the affairs of the handsome young stranger that the idea of the hateful Mufton having him in his grip overpowered her.

She recovered consciousness to find her hand in the hand of Mr. Smith, his face close to hers, and a seraphic sensation in her heart, as though the world upon which she opened her eyes were a new world, an impossibly delightful world, colored and diaphanous as a soap-bubble.

As for Mr. Smith, the warmth of her hand, her beauty, the remembrance of what she had done for him, all these sensations and recollections had become fused into one. His inflammable soul was alight and burning.

"Dear heart!" he cried. "Treasure! Fool that I am, 'tis my fault! Yet if I had not met that cursed macaroni and robbed him, I should never have known your sweet face, you would never have sheltered me. I should never have loved you——"

He covered her hands with burning kisses, kisses that made the blood rush to her cheeks, kisses that made her sit up flushed, gasping, tremulous with love and happiness and a delightful terror.

"Oh, sir," she cried, gently repulsing him, and rising to her feet unsteadily, "is this a time for such speech?—surrounded by enemies who may be here at any moment——"

"True," he said. "Again my folly pursues me. I go—I will say no more till we meet again in happier circumstances." He knelt, kissed her hand respectfully, and rose to his feet.

"Now," he said, "let us forget everything for the moment, but that we are beset with enemies: I by those of my own making, you by these creatures who are not fit to buckle the latchets of your shoes. You will go to this woman's house to-night?"

"Yes, sir, I will go," replied Molly, the old sparkle coming into her eyes.

"Then," said Mr. Smith, "a new idea has come to me. We will confound them utterly. Once I am in the carriage of the Marchioness of Blagdon, I am safe from my enemies, and, leave it to me, but she will not arrive at Lady Dexter's to-night."

"Not arrive! Where, then, will you take her?"

"Here," replied Mr. Smith, with a laugh.

"Here, to this house?"

"To this house. When she knows what you have done for me, when she knows how you have been flouted by the folk of Wells, believe me, all will be right—leave everything to me. The Marchioness will not arrive at Lady Dexter's to-night. You can tell them that she has come to visit you instead. You can fancy their faces!"

"Oh, Lord!" cried Molly, clasping her hands with delight, and casting her lovely eyes up as if at some vision of angels.

"Leave out some wine," went on the conspirator—"brandy if possible, for brandy punch is her favorite tippie—and—Egad! there's some one in the garden!"

A man's form had appeared amidst the rhododendron bushes of the drive, and Mr. Smith, without another word, and followed by his hostess, darted from the room, across the hall, where he picked up his hat, and along the passage to the kitchen.

Molly unbarred the door.

"Good luck!" said she.

"My heart!"

He seized her in a momentary delirious embrace, covered her little face all over with kisses, and vanished.

In a moment he was in the wood amidst the singing pines, the twilight, and the perfume of the branches.

To get back to London, or, at all events, to get clear of the Wells district, was the imperative dictate of common-sense, yet in a moment of folly he had bound himself to the place till evening.

Free, and in the woods now, with pursuit most probably at his heels, he thought of this, but without regret. All the adventures he had experienced amongst the young bloods of town were nothing to this escape. Beating watchmen in St. James' Street, dicing, drinking, wring-

ing knockers, all the frowzy and furious debauchery of London in the Regency, seemed like fustian compared to the silk of this adventure.

Then he remembered that he had forgotten the crust of bread; that a whole day lay before him, and not a penny in his pocket.

He was deep in the heart of the wood now: the singing pines had given place to whispering elms and greenwoods, a breeze stirred the branches, and the shadows danced together with the sunbeams. He still fancied himself in the woods of the Chase, but he was not. He was, as a matter of fact, on the property of Sir Thomas Shrimpton, a city magnate retired from business as a silk mercer.

As he stood engaged in thought over the forgotten crust, shouts came from the wood to the left. The hunters were out and hot on his trail: not a moment was to be lost. He looked about him, saw a great friendly greenwood, flung his arms round the bole, scrambled, seized a branch, and in a moment was twenty feet from the ground.

Here, seated comfortably and bowered by leaves, he listened. The sounds drew closer; the pursuers were not shouting now, but he could hear them beating about in the undergrowth with sticks. Far off he could hear voices: at least a dozen men were in the wood. Mufton must have raised a small army for the pursuit, and Mr. Smith, as he sat dangling his heels in comparative safety, occupied his mind in devising curses of the most complicated nature to fit the head of that odious macaroni.

One of the pursuers, a gardener evidently, for he carried a rake, passed right beneath the tree; had he glanced up, all would have been lost, but he did not.

He vanished, and soon the sounds to right and left began to dwindle and die away, and nothing but the voice of the wood remained: the deep contented sighing of summer trees, the lifting and sinking of branches on the wind, the cheeriness of the nut-hatch, the tribulation of the dove.

Mr. Smith had never seen a wood before. He had passed through many in pursuit of game, but he had seen only the trees, never their contentment and the spirits that dwell in their shade.

The great tree that had picked him up to safety showed him all sorts of things he had never dreamed of in St. James' Street or the Mall, as he sat kicking his heels and contemplating Nature during the first hour of this forced tête-à-tête. The sound of wings, like the flirting open of fans, came from the leaves above, and a rabbit on a patch of sward below took the whole great earth for his drum. A squirrel, just a ball of fur and a bright eye, sticking to the bole of a tree some yards away, contemplated the intruder for a few seconds, became a streak of brown fur and was gone, and the wind came again through the veils of leaves, pushing them aside like a hesitating hand, undecided, lazy, warm with summer.

It might now be two o'clock, or even more; Mr. Smith could not tell; he could not see the sun for the leaves, and, had he seen the sun, the sight would have been useless to him as an index to the hour. He was ferociously hungry.

"Eeod," thought he, "if one could but turn oneself into a rabbit or a bird, one could live here forever. Not being a rabbit or a bird, one can't. I must get down."

He scrambled down, green as a lizard from the lichen on the tree-bole, brushed himself as far as he could, and started off to find the road. He would lie by it till evening; it would be something to hear the coaches and the chaises passing. The wood and its sounds and silences, its mystery and leaping lights and shadows, might be all very well, but he craved for human contact. He did not find the road, but he found a path that led him by copse and thicket to a tiny rustic bridge spanning a stream.

It was prettier than any picture, this stream with its fern-spread banks, and better than any picture to the wanderer, for in a shallow just by the bridge and gurgled about by the cooling water stood an object, of all objects least expected: a pudding-bowl covered by a plate.

It was no witch-work, simply a pudding *à la Maintenon* placed there by Sir Thomas Shrimpton's cook to cool in the running water, which in those iceless days made an indifferent substitute for ice. It had taken the cook three hours in its preparation; it had been already an hour in the water; it was delicious; but it was rank robbery. Mr. Smith did not think of the latter point till he had devoured three handfuls of it and was cloyed. Starvation itself would have boggled at more than three handfuls of that cream, stiffened with gelatine, spiced, sugared, and holding in adhesion candied fruits.

There was more than half the bowlful left, and he did the only gentlemanly thing possible under the circumstances—turned it out into the stream, washed the bowl, filled it with water, and replaced it with the plate covering it. It looked just as good as before, and Mr. Smith, as he washed his face and hands and drank from the stream, tried to picture the face of the finder, and failed.

Then, rising from his hands and knees, he hastily retook the path which, all of a sudden, in a treacherous turn, brought him face to face with a blaze of sunlight and a garden.

Slipping amidst the trees on the right, he worked his way cautiously among the boles till he reached some rhododendron bushes. The wood and the garden met at the bushes without fence or dividing wall, and, peeping through the leaves, he saw the shaven lawn, the house, built with French windows frankly in imitation of the Chase, and under the shade of a spreading tree a portly gentleman seated in an arm-chair. This person had a vast red face, and it seemed astonishing that a face should

be so large yet hold so little expression. A bell stood beside him on the grass, and as Mr. Smith looked the vast gentleman reached down for the bell and rang it.

Nothing happened for a moment. Then from one of the windows a flunkey emerged, bearing a glass of topaz-colored wine on a salver. Sir Thomas Shrimpton, for it was he, drank his wine, refolded his hands on his stomach, and resumed his meditations.

"Ecod," said Mr. Smith to himself. "He's had his wine, but I've had his pudding. Now, where have I seen his face before? It was somewhere in the city, I'll swear, or in the law-courts. Ha! What's this?"

V.

A GIRL attired in a dress of white and lavender had left the house and was coming across the lawn. She was golden-haired, and pretty with that infantile prettiness of all things the most deceptive.

Mr. Smith held his breath. He knew her. He had danced with her at Almack's; he had even lost his heart to her once: she was Sophie Shrimpton. Old "Turtle" Shrimpton's daughter! "The Guinea Girl" was her nickname, a nickname brought upon her by the boast of her father that ten thousand guineas would follow her to church on her wedding-day.

Disregarding her father, who had now covered his head and face with a silk handkerchief, the Guinea Girl, wandering from flower-bed to flower-bed, began to pick herself a posy; then, with a handful of bright blossoms, she came along the wood edge to pick some green stuff. She was passing the rhododendron bushes when Mr. Smith, pushing the leaves aside, said in a low voice:

"Sophie!"

She started, nearly dropped her flowers, recognized the face and form behind the bushes, and blushed. All over her face and neck she blushed in a most charming manner, just as a little child blushes, so that the distracted Mr. Smith, forgetful for the moment of Molly Beamish and his position and feeling the blush of his own making, was hard set to hold himself from breaking cover and circling her in his arms.

"La! Mr. Jerningham," she whispered, with a glance across her shoulder at the gentleman in the chair. "How imprudent! I was near screaming; and look—I am all of a shake. If Father were to see you—oh, la!"

"Quick!" whispered Mr. Jerningham, pushing the bushes aside and making a way for her. "Quick, or he may wake up. That's right—Sophie!"

Screened now and in the twilight of the trees, he was holding her hands (she had dropped her flowers); then he attempted her lips, but she

evaded him so that he only succeeded in touching a soft and peach-like cheek.

Adversity had not yet taught Mr. Jerningham the value of true faith and love. This infernal lady-killer was still so subdued to his art that the nearest woman was the sweetest. The lesson of his life was reserved for him to learn, and it was to be taught him by the Guinea Girl.

"I' faith," said he, "but 't is like life to meet you. . . . Well, then, one on the brow, since your lips are so scared of me; and one on your little golden head, and another on the brow. Do you remember the night when we kissed and parted——"

"At the Pump-room," said Miss Shrimpton, blushing at her own words. "Oh, Mr. Jerningham——"

The sound of the bell from the lawn made them start, and at the sound and the remembrance of the ringer and the object of the tintinnabulation Jerningham was so suddenly stricken with laughter that he would have exploded had not Sophie put her little hand over his mouth. He kissed the palm, and she withdrew it, and they wandered away, deeper into the wood.

Always, when Mr. Jerningham was broken at piquet, or diced out, or recovering from the effects of a carouse, or otherwise made miserable, his mainstay had been woman. A pretty girl to lean on, a pretty girl to kiss, a pretty girl to put her cool white hand on his aching brow: this had been his pick-me-up and tonic.

It was so now.

On a little bank covered with ferns they sat down. Mr. Jerningham took the hand of his companion and caressed it; then he sighed.

"Let us forget kissing," said he, kissing her fingers as he spoke. "Sophie, I am ruined. Nay, do not take it to heart, dear one; 't is all I deserved. Ruined."

"Ruined?" said the Guinea Girl in a tentative tone.

"Aye, ruined."

Sophie's little soft face flushed, but her little mouth—and what a little soft-hard mouth it was—did not alter in shape, though she caught her breath back.

"Now, 'fore gad, if you cry about it, you will make me the most miserable wretch alive. Sophie, I am pursued. One Mufton, a fat-headed macaroni of these parts, driving in his chaise and pair last night, had the ill-luck to fall in with me, and I on horseback, penniless. More to see how the thing was done than to do it, I stopped his coach and took his purse——"

Miss Shrimpton, who at the word "ruin" had caught her breath, now withdrew her hand and rose to her feet.

"Mr. Jerningham," said she, "I must leave you. My father would not wish me to hear these things."

"But stay. Directly I had done so, I repented of the deed, and what did I do but fling his purse back in the carriage and ride off!"

He expected her to laugh, but she did not.

"I do not want to hear more," said Miss Shrimpton. She had suddenly assumed the manner of a proper, middle-aged person. Had she taken out her little frozen heart and shown it to him in her hand, he could not have been much more astonished. She half turned away. "I know nothing of these things, and wish to know nothing. We will not discuss them."

"But stay," he said again. "You can surely understand—it was more folly than fault, and, egad, the thing was over in a flash. I just took his purse and flung it at his ugly head."

"Sir," said she, "I must leave you. I am but a girl and know nothing of these things. Nay, if you attempt to molest me, I shall call."

He had put out his hand to detain her, but he drew it hastily back and stood mute and gazing as, with a little curtsy, she turned and vanished, walking towards the house.

And she had been so child-like and soft and sweet but a few moments ago!

Then he remembered Molly Beamish—the girl he had forgotten for this doll.

Half an hour later he was lying by the wood edge in sight of the road, white of face and chewing the cud of his folly.

It could not be more than four o'clock, and there were still five mortal hours before the coach of the Marchioness of Blagdon was likely to pass. Five mortal hours—a proper punishment!

VI.

MISS BEAMISH, at that moment, was flying about the house, making with one hand preparations for departure on the morrow and with the other hand preparations for her toilet of the evening.

In a big cowskin-covered trunk papered with sprigged paper on the inside she was packing her dresses, kneeling to the task, whilst Rose Cowalip stood by to assist.

"My china silk," said Molly—"I will wear that this evening. There, place it on the bed. 'T will go admirably with my pearls. Are they real? La, child, what questions you do ask! Here, take hold. Lud! what are these? A pair of Sir Patrick's stockings! I remember now: I put them amidst my dresses to darn. Oh, my poor head! 'T is aching with all the things I have to remember. There, I forgot—this trunk has no hasp to the lock."

Miss Beamish sat back on her heels, a beautiful picture of distracted

contemplation, gazing, with pursed lips, at the half-packed trunk and the defective lock, whilst Rose Cowslip, who reflected all her mistress's moods like a cheap mirror, stood by with an expression of consternation on her face.

"No matter; we can cord it. There, close your mouth and don't stand gaping like a zany. Give me that shoe—and where's the other? Look under the bed. . . . Then, 't is under the couch. . . . Then, 't is lost. Oh, lud! who would be a mistress with such a houseful of servants, half of them run off and the rest with no eyes! There you go blubbering! Was there ever such a child! And there's the shoe in the corner, staring into your face."

She packed the shoes, silent now, but furiously ruminating. Then she broke out:

"And when the Marchioness arrives, what are you to say?"

"'Good-evening, me lady.'"

Miss Beamish, carefully folding a petticoat and placing it in the trunk, continued:

"Yes; go on."

"'Will your ladyship step——'"

"Yes?"

"'Will your ladyship step——'"

"'Into the drawing-room.' Have you no brains! Now say it all through."

Coaching the servitor and packing at the same time, Miss Beamish continued till the lesson was complete and the trunk full. Then she passed the dull-headed one through an examination on the lesson, and it came out all wrong, ending in a burst of tears.

"'T is hopeless," cried Molly in despair, as if addressing some one unseen. "As likely as not, when she sees her ladyship she will burst out crying. There, dry your tears, and place this hat on the bed. When her ladyship comes, say nothing but 'Yes, my lady.' You can't forget that."

Then she ran down to the blue drawing-room to find a fan she had left on the couch.

As she entered the room, she started back with a little scream. A man was standing at the open window—a dapper individual, middle-aged, deferential-looking, and hat in hand.

He stepped right into the room.

"Is this Sir Patrick Beamish's, miss?"

"It is, sir," replied Molly, half alarmed, yet reassured by his manner and his dress, which was neat and almost Quakerish.

He drew a piece of paper from his pocket.

"At the suit of Foote, one hundred and twenty-three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, and 't is sorry I am to be inconvenient, miss,

but I'm ready to make myself as invisible as possible with the execution of my duty."

Molly, unconscious that before her was standing "Gentleman Joe," the most practicable bailiff in the kingdom, a character of the day, a genius in his profession, and the darling of the impoverished members of the aristocracy, collapsed on the couch. Here was disaster. The furniture was not theirs, but well she knew that not a scrap of luggage could be taken from the house. Their departure from the Wells on the morrow had become at once impossible. Then in a moment she recovered; she was so used to bailiffs that the man himself was no shock; it was the thought of their interrupted flight from the Wells that had paralyzed her.

"Sir," said she, "I do not know your name——"

"They call me Gentleman Joe, miss, in the profession," replied the obsequious one. "I'm mostly used to deal with such as Sir Patrick. Lud, miss, there is no call to take on. Possessions is always taking place 'mongst the nobility. I'm here to-day and gone to-morrow, and no one the worst. You have seen me come to the drawing-room window, which was n't meaning to be familiar; but I've seen a whole servants' hall rise up on end as a bailiff broke on them unexpected and asked to take his place at table with them. That I have, miss."

His manner was so soothing and deferential that Molly, who had a long experience of bailiffs, took to him at once and began to pick up in spirits. He might even be helpful: their last bailiff had forgotten his duty so far as to run messages, and bring in brandy for Sir Patrick, besides waiting at table. She knew little as yet of the capacities of Gentleman Joe in these directions.

"Sir," she said, "I must thank you——"

"No, miss, not a word, miss," cried the mollifier—"not from such as you to such as me. I know my place with the nobility, I hope. Not a bailiff in the Jewry knows more of the under-sides of the aristocracy and their feelings. Oxford born I am, and the birth comes out in the ways of a man. A lord he drinks his port and beats the town and spins away his guineas, and so he's a gentleman. Then they calls me in as a subterfuge, and I slips into a footman's coat, or digs in the garden with one eye on the house, hiding my calling and hurting no feelings. So now, if you'll let me, miss, I'll set about making myself useful, and what need you say to the servants but, 'Here's a new man'?" He jerked his right thumb over his shoulder as he spoke. "Leave it to me, miss, to get my tongue round 'em."

"Our servants are gone," said Molly, much impressed by this most aristocratic limb of the law, who carried with him, indeed, a flavor of St. James' Street. "We have had difficulties with them, and they left—all but one maid, and she is next to a child. But if you would——"

She paused, for a brilliant idea had struck her. Rose Cowslip being hopeless, here was a substitute, and it was not the first time that Miss Beamish had seen a bailiff used to playing the part of a footman.

"Yes, miss."

"If you would—there is a coat belonging to William, our man who left this morning—if you would put it on—not now, but should I ask you later——"

"Yes, miss."

"And open the door——"

"Yes, miss."

"To a lady who is coming——"

"Yes, miss."

"I am going out at half-past eight to my Lady Dexter's, and I am expecting here, at nine, the Marchioness of Blagdon." She rolled the title on her tongue, pleased with the grandeur of it.

"Yes, miss," replied the new servitor, quite unmoved by the splendor of the prospective visitor.

"She will be accompanied by a gentleman, most likely. If you would most kindly show them into the drawing-room——"

"Yes, miss."

"And offer them refreshments, I—I should be eternally grateful——"

Gentleman Joe shot up his hand as if to ward off her gratitude from such an insignificant person as himself.

"Shall I offer her ladyship supper, miss, or wine, just simple?"

At these words something that she had forgotten occurred to the forgetful Miss Beamish. Heavens! the old woman, after her journey, would surely require food! "Leave out some wine and brandy," had said Mr. Smith. She believed implicitly in him; she believed he had the power, which he declared he had, of halting the Marchioness at the Chase and preventing her from going to Lady Dexter's that night; but, then, he knew nothing of the state of the larder: young men are forgetful of these things. So had she been. She reviewed the bone of York ham and the cold chicken, diminished since morning, and the six eggs. She pictured the Marchioness of Blagdon with a savage appetite, and she felt faint.

"Wine," she stammered. "I had forgotten—it is so stupid of me, I am so indifferent a housekeeper. Well, no matter; 't is done, and can't be undone. Wine and brandy—she takes punch—and there is a lemon, I believe, in the larder."

"Yes, miss."

"And sugar, and all that, I will leave out—— But stay, you had better come with me yourself and see the offices. What time is it?" She glanced at the clock. "Five. And I must begin to dress at six."

She led the way from the room, Joe, hat in hand, following her.

They passed through the hall into the kitchen, which he inspected and approved of in a few words, his eyes taking in every detail.

Used to aristocracy as he was, he had never come across an establishment with a title to it, so impoverished as this. Not a servant, and half the plates on the dresser cracked; no fire in the kitchen range, and none that day—for he put his hand surreptitiously on the cold iron to verify his suspicions; pots unwashed, and the cake, decanter, and wine-glasses that had been brought forth for Mr. Smith standing on the kitchen table, with a trace of wine still in the glasses.

Molly, like a rose amidst this wilderness of confusion, looked around her and then at Gentleman Joe.

He was standing now with his chin in his hand, like a general contemplating the field before a battle, glancing here and there, undecided as to which point he would attack first to put things straight. He knew the Wells intimately, having often acted as bailiff in the vicinity, and he knew everything about the Beamish *ménage*, inasmuch as he had stopped for half an hour to have a chat and a glass with a tradesman friend after he left the coach by which he had come. He knew Sir Patrick Beamish by repute—who did not?—and it disturbed his right-thinking mind that Sir Patrick's household should be in such a state of disorder—and that with a marchioness coming, too. Quite understand: this was no philanthropic feeling, simply the stirring of proper pride.

He was bailiffing Sir Patrick; he was *pro tem* part of Sir Patrick's dignity and estate, and anything that lowered the dignity of Sir Patrick lowered the dignity of Gentleman Joe.

"I was thinking, miss."

"Yes?"

"There's her ladyship coming. I must first clear up here, and would your maid light the fire? There was punch to be served to her ladyship——"

"La!" cried Molly. "I had forgot the hot water. Rose Cowslip shall light the fire——"

"Then there is plates," went on the rememberer of forgotten trifles, "and the knives and spoons and such like, miss."

"All in the pantry—glasses, too. But, Mr. Joe——"

Again the hand shot up as if to deprecate the "Mr."

"Plain Joe, miss, at your service. Glasses, spoons, knives. Is her ladyship coming from Knousley or Arlington Street? For if her ladyship is coming all the way from town, 't will be a question of supper and no mistake."

Molly sat down on a kitchen chair and pressed her hands together.

"Mr. Joe—I beg your pardon. Ah, my poor head! There is nothing

—I mean, 't will be impossible to ask her ladyship to sit down. These wretched tradesmen——”

“I know them, miss, i' faith. Still, if I might have a peep to see what might be done—your larder——”

Molly pointed to the larder door.

He opened it, gazed in, said, “Pht!” or, rather, made the sound with his lips, shook his head, and shut the door.

Then he stood, his chin in his hand, and Molly, collapsed with shame, sat in her chair; but he did not seem to notice her.

“Liver pie,” said he. “That's her favorite dish. You see, I'm acquainted with her own man, miss, and so by chance I know her tastes.”

“But I have no liver pie—there is nothing but what you see in the larder; and not a tradesman in the Wells will give us credit. There, 't is plump out; and should we be starving we might starve till Sir Patrick returns from town to-morrow with the money he has gone to fetch.”

For the first time the new servitor permitted himself to smile.

“I' faith,” said he, “there's not a tradesman in the Wells that won't be up here crawling on his knees when 't is known that her ladyship is coming. If you leave it to me, miss, I'll stir them up. Duty is duty, but half an hour will take me down to the Pantiles and back——”

“Oh, if you can,” cried Molly, “I will never forget it to you! But stay—I have never asked you to have refreshment. Here is wine and cake, and, yes, here is a clean glass. Please to help yourself. And I forgot, the wine and brandy for this evening are in that cupboard—'t is unlocked. Now I will leave you and send Rose Cowslip to make the fire. And oh, if you would, whilst in the Wells, but order a chair for me to be here at eight o'clock.”

“At eight o'clock, miss,” replied the man of resource.

She could have kissed him in the warmth of her heart. He seemed to understand everything and to be able to do everything. She rushed upstairs, and in the bedroom, where the packed trunk stood still open, she surprised Rose Cowslip. The small servitor had taken advantage of her mistress's absence to try on one of her hats. Surprised and paralyzed, she burst into tears under the immense structure, till Molly, laughing, snatched it off, rubbed her nose, and sent her off down to light the fire.

Then, singing in the lightness of her heart and seized with a new inspiration, she rushed into the guest bedroom, drew aside the blinds, and tidied things. The Marchioness would stay the night, if she came.

If she came! The thought suddenly struck the song from her lips. If she did n't! If Mr. Smith failed, if she went on to Lady Dexter's, if Joe obtained provisions on the strength of her ladyship's name!

Heavens! what she had bound herself to! And all on the word of a man who had committed a light-hearted highway robbery only the night before and was being pursued by the law.

But Miss Beamish was a person not easily depressed; she took short views, and the sight of her own pretty face reflected in a glass brought her courage up again. She kissed her hand to herself, laughed, and, running back to her room, began to make preparations for her toilet.

In the midst of these preparations a thought came to her that made her pause. There was not one penny in the house, and how was she to pay the chairmen?

"Oh, lud!" said she, sitting down on the couch opposite the trunk, "will troubles never cease, I wonder! This is what it is to be without money. And that odious Sophie Shrimpton arriving in a glass coach, and I without a penny to pay a chairman! No matter; I will get there, at least, and then, when they bring me back, I'll tell them to call for the money in the morning."

Enlivened by this thought, she continued her preparations till Rose Cowslip, released from duties below-stairs, came up to help her to dress.

The youthful servitor, though destitute of memory, had one supreme art in which she excelled: she could light a fire using only two sticks in the act; though now, from the condition of her hands and face, one would never have suspected her of such restraint. Molly, having first washed the grubby one, reducing her again to tears, set to with her assistance to dress.

VII.

At quarter past eight Miss Beamish, beautiful in her china silk and pearls, descended the stairs to the drawing-room.

A jeweller might have criticised her pearls, and a woman her dress, but to a plain man's eyes she was a contentment, a disturbing and thrilling delight. Rose Cowslip followed, bearing her cloak and her fan.

The fan-bearer, having placed her burden on the couch, was despatched by Miss Beamish to watch out for the chairmen.

Then, left alone, Molly sat down in all her grandeur to wait for the chair and think things over. Leaving the chairmen aside, there were other problems of a knotty nature for the evening to unravel. Would Mufton be at Lady Dexter's? Assuredly; he was the prime toady of the Wells, and one of the wealthiest men in the district—any newcomer with any sort of tuft was a sure attraction for him. Yes, he would be there; so would Lady Poyns, Lady Congreve, Mr. Shawbury, and Sophie Shrimpton—all her enemies. The letters she had written to Lady Poyns and the others now returned to her like imps; she would have to face all these people and outface them if she could; hold her own, at any rate, till the news came—and you may be sure she had given

Rose Cowslip instructions concerning the bearing of it—that her ladyship was stopping at the Chase, being too indisposed to travel further that night.

She was fancying their faces when Rose Cowslip, who had taken her stand at the gate, came running with the news that the chair was in sight.

As it came to the door and she was preparing to leave the hall, Joe materialized himself from the back premises. Rose Cowslip had shown him William's room, and he had put on the livery coat left behind by the departed footman, and by twilight or lamplight would pass.

He followed Molly out and opened the chair door for her; but before she could step in, one of the two chairmen interposed.

"'T is the custom, miss, to be paid before we start."

"The custom to be paid before you start!" fired Molly. "'T is no such thing—you and your customs! For two pins I would pack you off and send for a coach."

"That may be," said the shorter of the two chairmen, whose name, as Molly soon discovered, was Bill; "but what Sim says is truth. 'T is a new custom." He winked openly at Sim, and in such an impudent manner that Molly instantly knew that the chairmen of the Wells had got wind of the parlous condition of the Beamish household and had joined ranks with the tradesmen and the gentry.

"Then off with you," she cried, "you and your chair! Not a penny shall you have, for your impudence. I will call a coach."

To her consternation, they took umbrage at this, and, Bill taking up the handles before and Sim behind, off went the chair right wheel down the drive.

Before they had gone ten yards Joe was after them. What he said to them brought them to a stop, and, wheeling again, back came the chair and was deposited at the steps.

"If you please, miss," said Joe. He drew her into the hall. "Not a step will they go without the money, but with a drop of brandy and a word or two, I think, miss, there is reason to be got out them yet; so I will take 'em round to the kitchen way, and you leave them to me, miss. I know their make."

"Anything," said Molly. "Only, I pray you, do not be long."

She saw him leading them round to the kitchen premises, just as horses are led to be watered.

Then she waited.

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes; then they reappeared, still led by Joe. But they were not the same chairmen. They had grown younger and brighter, and lighter in their walk, and they were laughing and went as though swayed by a gentle wind.

"Now, then, your ladyship, in you get!" cried Bill, with a hiccough, catching up the front handles whilst Joe opened the door.

"Here, you, there!" cried Sim from behind. "What you mean lifting the chair in front and I not in the shafts? In with you, miss, and we'll trundle you down to the Wells inside of five minutes by the clock."

"Lady Dexter's," cried Molly through the window, as Joe shut the door. "And I want you to wait for me and take me home again, and you shall be paid in the morning, for I have no change, only a fifty-pound——"

Lurch! Up went the chair, fore end first, hind end after, and down the avenue at a sweep's trot, grazed the gate, nearly upset, and then, travelling at a run for thirty yards or so, came to a stop and was set down with a bang that shook the occupant to the crown of her head.

She popped her head out of the window.

"Go slower. What's the matter? Is that the way to carry a lady? D'ye think you are carrying a buck-basket! Chairmen, forsooth! Why, 't is market-porters you are."

"All right, miss," came Sim's voice; "we be but taking wind. Up with her, Bill, and go gentle with the lady."

They went slow enough now to satisfy any one; so slow that Molly, forgetting they were on the awful down-grade to the Wells, popped her head out again:

"Lud!" cried she. "I'd as lief go in a coach drawn by tortoises."

No answer but the grunts of the bearers and a perfume of brandy poisoning the breeze: they had cracked a bottle of brandy between them, and the joy of life was fading, spent by the run and withered by a frightful thirst.

"Tortoises! I would not shame the beasts by comparing them with you. Have you no betwixt and between?" She drew in her head and sat fuming. It was already past the hour at which she was due to arrive; her only consolation lay in the thought that a late arrival had a certain elegance about it. Then she fell to thinking that things might have been worse, that half-drunken chairmen were better than none.

In the midst of these thoughts she was again nearly jarred out of life by the setting down of the chair.

She popped her head out of the left-hand window, storming at her bearers; she leaned out as far as she could. No sign of them. She turned to the right-hand window. Consternation! It was "The Green Man," that rustic *auberge*, half cottage, half public-house, which she had often seen on her journeys down to the Wells, and admired, never suspecting it, half ambushed in leaves, as the traitor that was to bring her to confusion. The mystery of the stoppage and the vanishing of Sim and his companion was cleared.

For a moment the wild idea of running in after them and dragging them out seized her, and she would have put it in action but for her attire. A lady in evening dress and pearls rushing into a public-house after two half-drunken chairmen was a picture that her mind refused.

So she sat and fumed, frowning at some dirty children who, playing by the wayside and attracted by the chair, drew near to inspect.

But she had not to wait long. Four minutes, perhaps, it took them to swallow a quart of ale apiece, and then they came forth, openly wiping their mouths, seized the handles and started.

The chair went now with a decided rock and reel, and, to Molly's alarm, she heard the voices of the children, who were evidently following; then more voices of more children, who were evidently jeering; and the voices of the chairmen, who were evidently replying to the jeers.

Half a bottle of brandy and a quart of ale were doing their work; the corkscrew, that instrument and emblem of intoxication, was so evident that men and women were joining the children. They had reached the bottom of the hill and were nearing the Pantiles. The Dexters' house in St. George's Road was not far; to walk was possible now.

She popped her head out of the right-hand window and called to be set down.

The sight of that pretty and distracted head popping from the window of the reeling chair was all that the populace wanted to complete its amusement.

Tradesmen left their shop doors to look closer, people sprang from the pavement to follow as the chair, going now at a trot that threatened destruction, entered St. George's Road and, followed by the running rabble, set its occupant down with a last and brain-stunning bang at the door of Sir Philip Dexter's prim red brick house, where faces were peeping from the windows to observe this late and elegant arrival.

VIII.

WHILST Miss Beamish had been carefully preparing for her *débaîche*, Mr. Jerningham, lying in ambush by the London Road and chewing the cud of his follies, passed from them to the remembrance of the best dinners he had ever eaten, as is the way with hungry men.

The thought of Turtle Shrimpton and the good food he was probably sitting down to (four o'clock was the dinner-hour in those days) filled him with exasperation. Then he remembered the pudding. There was some consolation in that.

Then he fell to thinking of Molly Beamish. Against the pale background of Miss Shrimpton, Molly stood out in glowing colors; the lady-killer was captured at last; a spell had been put upon him. I doubt if Miss Beamish would have completed her work so rapidly but for the

assistance of Miss Shrimpton; however that may be, the thing was done, and the fate of Mr. Jerningham decided forever.

Then, still thinking of Molly, he fell asleep, and he must have slept hours, for when he awoke it was full dusk. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and remembered everything at once.

"Egad!" said he, "I've slept! Can the old woman have passed whilst I have been asleep?" The shock of the thought brought him to his feet. He peeped through the branches, but could see scarcely twenty yards of the road on either side.

The whole world lay steeped in twilight and silence; he could hear the birds going to bed in the branches of the wood, the whisper of the breeze in the leaves, and from fields a mile away the faint and far-off lowing of cattle; from the road not a sound.

Then he determined on a daring course. The pursuit must have worn itself out by this; he would leave the trees, take to the highway, and meet her.

He scrambled on to the road, brushed himself, and started towards London.

Not a soul was to be seen, and, free of the wood and feeling as though he had disengaged himself from a trammelling cloak, Mr. Jerningham stepped out, wondering at his own light-heartedness and spirits. He was not in the least hungry now, and was finding the benefit of that most beneficial thing, a day's rest. He felt as though he could walk forever through that perfumed twilight, that half-tinted veil through which the fields and trees showed vaguely the fields of fairyland.

Summer hit him in the face with a harvest beetle and chased him as he went with the perfume of new-mown hay; a glowworm in the hedge, a star showing in the western sky, the sound of his own footsteps—these were his only companions for quarter of a mile.

Then something loomed up before him. It was a hay-cart fully loaded, topped by a half-fuddled rustic and led by another. As it passed in the gloom, it was like the passing of Summer herself, bearing the plunder of the lush meadows with her, buttercups and daisies, cowslips and grasses, in one great half-withered bouquet.

Then a chaise and pair came bowling along towards the Wells and passed in a cloud of dust that left Mr. Jerningham cursing and sneezing till another hay-cart brought him balm. When this had passed, and about five minutes after its passage, a sound coming from ahead brought Mr. Jerningham to a stand.

Yes, without doubt it was the sound of four horses; and now he could hear the rumble of the heavy carriage. Salvation! It was she, the wrinkled dame for whom he had been longing as the hart for the water-brook.

Now he could see it, the gray of the leaders—she always used gray

horses—and the caps of the postillions bobbing up and down. He stood in the middle of the road, arms outspread, and shouting on them to stop, and for a moment it seemed that he would be run over; but they reined in in time, and next moment he found himself fronting the rearing horses, tangled traces, and cursing postillions.

The Marchioness had popped her head out of the left-hand window to see what was the matter, just as Mr. Jerningham's head popped in at the right-hand window. Safe now, he was seized with his ordinary wild gaiety.

"Your money or your life!" he cried with a burst of laughter, and got as a reply a smack on the face that made him see stars, without, however, in the least daunting him or checking his merriment as he opened the door, disclosing himself fully to the occupant of the coach.

"Rupert!" cried she. "Rupert Jerningham, by all that's merciful! Gad's truth, you scamp, had a pistol been in the carriage I'd 'a' blown the crown off your empty head. So you'd highwayman me, would y'?"

"I' faith I would," replied he. "But let me in to sit beside you a moment, for I have a tale to tell that will make your wig stand on end. There you go again! Oh, lud! what a hand you've got! If you did but hit from the shoulder, you'd have knocked me out of time. Hair I meant, not wig. But a truce to these compliments. Let's in beside you, and I promise you a laugh. . . . The law is fishing for me."

"Then 't is angling for a flat enough fish," replied the dame. "Well, in with you and don't be keeping me." Then, putting her head out of the left window, she began shouting to the postillions.

"Down with you and hold the horses' heads, whilst I have a word with Mr. Jerningham. Get the carriage to the roadside, you zanies, not stuck here in the middle. D'ye want us to be run into by the London coach? That's right. And now keep the horses quiet and don't let them be stamping. Well," she finished, turning to Jerningham, who had scrambled in beside her and closed the door, "and what's your tale?"

"Oh, Lord," said he, "it's soon told! To begin with, I went to my Lord Villiers's masked ball last night——"

"Did you?" replied she. "And so did I."

"I came away early."

"And I went late. Go on with your story."

"I broke myself in the card-room, and went home thinking to blow my brains out."

"Impossible! Go on."

"Going by the Green Park, I met a horse——"

"And he an ass. Well?"

"He was tethered to a rail: some gallant had left him there; and I untethered him and rode away on him—for fun. Then an idea struck me. Mind you, I was fired with wine and bad luck, and, riding home,

I tied him to a post, went in, whipped into these clothes, and, with the domino I had worn at the ball in my pocket, off I started to beat the roads and see if I could n't find a fat citizen with a purse."

"Well—and did you?"

"Faith, no," said he. "Not that I much cared either; a purse more or less—what use was it to me? It was for the fling I did it, not caring what I did with a head full of wine and an empty pocket. Once clear of the town and on the road to the Wells, I forgot the highway business and clapped spurs to the horse. Thinks I, 'I'll ride to the Wells and put up at the George, where the landlord knows me, and where I can borrow a few guineas till luck turns.' It was eleven o'clock or thereabouts, and for three hours I rode full speed with scarce a stop under that same moon which is breaking over there, and with no companion but my shadow."

The moon, which had risen, cast its light into the carriage, and sharp against the light the huge profile of the Marchioness showed itself: the Roman nose, the decided chin—the profile of a man who had strayed into womanhood and got tangled in petticoats before he could escape.

"Nothing else did I see till the lights of a coach struck my eyes coming from a cross-road. I reined in and here, sure enough, came the coach, drawn by two fat horses. In a moment I had stopped it, and, riding to the window, called on the fellow inside to deliver, which he did on the moment, praying for his life so that I near fell from my saddle with laughter. I flung the purse at his head and told them to drive on, and off they went full speed, leaving me there on the road with a spent horse and seven miles and more to the Wells."

"Oh, lud!" cried the Marchioness. "You take a purse and give a purse; you let them off with their horses to raise the country on you! And why did you not upset the coach in the ditch, you fool, or take the lynch-pins out? Oh, lud! Go on."

"I'd ridden scarce a mile when I heard shouts and saw men coming along the road—two fellows on horseback and others on foot; hay-cutters they must have been, going to their work, for they had scythes, and at the sight of them I put the horse at the hedge, broke through, and made across the fields, they after me."

"And serve you right." She listened whilst he told of his flight, his hiding in the wood, and his meeting with the girl who had given him shelter; he told of Mufton and how Mufton had turned out to be the macaroni he had robbed; how the girl—he had not given her name yet—was suffering vile treatment at the hands of the snobs of the Wells, and how he had promised her to wait for the Marchioness, capture her, and bring her to the Chase, thus confounding the snobs; and he told it so well that he completely captured the adventurous soul of the Marchioness and made her his man. Not that she let him see it, however.

"So you made your plans about me as if I were a parcel of goods! And the name of this damsel, if you please?"

"Beamish."

"Beamish!" cried she, with an edge to her voice. "Any relation of one Sir Patrick Beamish?"

"Why, she's his daughter."

"Oh, God save me! this is too much. That Irish blackguard's daughter! The fellow that insulted me, the fellow that called me a Flemish mare in petticoats to the face of Sir George Dashwood, not knowing her ladyship was my friend, and told me all about it next morning! The fellow that— Out of my coach, you scamp, or I'll call my postillions to pull ye! Out of my coach, you and your Beamishes!" She gave him a cuff on the side of his head to emphasize her words, and Jerningham, half laughing, yet horrified at the turn things had taken, dodging his head here and there to avoid the blows, trying to explain and failing, at last had to scramble out and stood on the road whilst she pulled the door to, bawling to the postillions to drive on to My Lady Dexter's.

"And here's five guineas for you to get yourself back to town," cried she. "Not that town would n't be well rid of y'—you and your Beamishes."

The coins came flying out one after the other, falling in the dust of the road; the postillions scrambled into their places, the whips cracked, and the heavy old coach had made a start when the thunder of horse-hoofs came from behind, and a horseman, whose approach they had not heard, came galloping up and reined in, bringing his steed right on its haunches.

"The Marchioness of Blagdon's carriage!" cried he. "'T is it! Oh, your ladyship!"

Her ladyship, who had thrust her head from the window, stared at the new-comer; for once in her life she seemed without a word.

"I've ridden post-haste after your ladyship. Oh, your ladyship—the Marquis——"

"—— the man!" she suddenly shrieked. "Speak out! The Marquis—well, what's the matter with the Marquis?"

"He's gone, your ladyship."

"The devil! Gone! Whom has he gone with? Whom has he gone with? You gaping monkey, if I get out o' the coach I'll pull you from the saddle and baste you. Gone!"

"Dead, your ladyship. Fell in a stroke half-an-hour after you left. I rode after you to bring the news."

"Lord-a-mercy!" said the Marchioness, thunder-struck by the tidings and pale in the moonlight, but showing no other sign of her feelings than the color of her face. "Dead! But this is sudden! Lord-a-

mercy, dead! But I left him playing piquet," she blazed out, "with my Lord Ames, and they laughing and joking together. 'Tis impossible! Dead!"

"Dr. Smallpiece was called, your ladyship. He could do nothing."

"Smallpiece! That quack! Why did they not call Dr. Page?"

"They did, your ladyship, and he too could do nothing. My lord the Marquis had passed away."

"Rupert!" cried the Marchioness.

Mr. Jerningham, who had been listening to all this, approached. It was a touch of the man's character that this momentous news stirred him most by the thought that it might help his immediate plan to take the Marchioness to the Chase.

"Rupert, get into the coach; tell the man to drive on to the nearest place and get me some brandy. This comes of leaving my flask behind. Last time I was overset in a ditch by Scotch Corner. I might 'a' known something was going to happen when I found I'd left it behind me."

"Drive on, and I'll tell you when to stop," said Mr. Jerningham to the postillions.

"And you can pick up some guineas you'll find lying on the road," cried the Marchioness to the bearer of the news. "No need in letting them lie there; you can put 'em in your pocket for your trouble, and back you go to Arlington Street and tell the servants I'll be with them in the morning. And tell Roberts, the butler, if he lets the key of the wine-cellar out of his pocket I'll send him packing. And tell—no matter; I'll be there in the morning. Drive on."

Mr. Jerningham said nothing as the heavy old coach started. The Marchioness, having delivered her orders, was now sniffing audibly in her corner of the carriage, and Mr. Jerningham, taken aback by this manifestation of feeling, was dumb. My lord the Marquis of Blagdon had been a bad husband and would have been a worse but for the powerful character of his spouse. It was said that she had once locked him up in the coal-cellar, cause given: his intended elopement with Kitty Candlish, the actress; but that was in the early and happier days of their married life. Disdaining at last the sot and miserly spend-thrift who had given her his title, she went her way and he his. And now she was weeping for him!

Not for long, however. The sniffs soon ceased.

"I'll bet my life," she burst out, "the servants are at it now, junketing and carousing, and no one to stay them, and he lying dead in his room—and me without my maid. She fell ill this morning, and I had to come without her, for I would not take any of the other females—all thumbs and no sense. And I forgot to tell the man to tell 'em to send to Cutter's about the mourning. Oh, lud, here's a to-do, and me without a tag of black—a color I abominate and hate!"

"Madam," said Jerningham in a tone of respect such as she had never heard him use before, "set your mind at rest about the black. At dawn to-morrow a servant shall ride post-haste to town to order the things, even if that servant be myself."

She was dumb for a moment at the speech; then she gave a little laugh.

"Blood will out and show itself, even in the dark, even in a coach alone with an old 'ooman. Rupert, I thank you."

They had never addressed each other so formally before, and Mr. Jerningham, who had been watching intently for the first sign of the Chase, felt a relief when the griffins guarding the gateway of the avenue drew in sight.

Though he had said nothing to Molly Beamish on the matter, he knew the Chase, both house and grounds, well, being a friend of Todmorden; indeed, in that very room where he had insulted Mufton and where Mufton had insulted Molly he had won a thousand guineas from Todmorden at piquet. He put his head out, and called to the postillions to turn in at the gates, and in less than two minutes the coach of the Marchioness of Blagdon was standing at the hall-door steps, and the Marchioness, helped on the one side by Joe, who had heard the sound of the wheels, and on the other side by Mr. Jerningham, was descending from her coach and entering the temporary house of the detested Beamishes.

There was a fire alight in the dining-room and a choice little supper spread on the table; a punch-kettle stood on the hob, a bottle of brandy on the sideboard, flanked by bottles of burgundy and white wine.

The whole visible house, in fact, from the well-lighted hall to the punch-kettle on the hob, wore an air of comfort and prosperity, the fictitious creation of that genius known to the aristocracy as Gentleman Joe.

The Marchioness, enormous in her travelling-cape and get-up, took her seat on a chair, whilst her companion poured her out a *petit verre*. He had got her safely to the Chase, but the question remained, would he be able to keep her there, or would she insist on continuing her journey to My Lady Dexter's?

IX.

EVEN whilst Miss Beamish had been reeling past the Pantiles, the last of Sir Peter Dexter's guests were arriving, in the form of Turtle Shrimpton and his daughter.

There were present: the above-named; Lady Poyns, a woman extraordinarily like a parrot; Lady Congreve, stout, snub-nosed, looking like a pug dressed in brocade; Mufton, Mr. Shawbury, and several others.

With the exception of the Dexters, none of these people belonged to

the core of good society: city knights and their women-folk, or well-to-do commoners, all of them. The Dexters, however, belonged to a good old family. Sir Peter was the last of four baronets, and Lady Dexter was a Thurlow of Thursk. They might have gone anywhere and held their own with the best in the land but for their poverty. They were horribly poor on seven hundred a year, almost as poor as the Beamishes on nothing, and not nearly so happy and contented.

All these people were ranged about the room, engaging one another in polite conversation: Mufton, the centre of a little group to whom he was telling of his experience with the highwayman the night before, without mentioning, however, his second meeting with that person; Sir Peter Dexter on the hearth-rug, discussing politics with Turtle Shrimpton; and Lady Dexter explaining the dear Marchioness and her peculiarities to a bevy of interested females: thus were they placed when a sound from the street outside brought conversation to a standstill and Sir Peter Dexter to the window.

The sound of a multitude turning into St. George's Road, the tramping of many feet, cat-calls, cries, laughter, and the barking of the inevitable dog.

"What is it, Sir Peter?" asked Lady Dexter, ranging up behind her spouse and peeping over his shoulder, whilst the rest of the guests crowded to the other windows.

"I' faith, I don't know," replied Sir Peter, "or what the watch is about to allow such a turmoil. Disgraceful rabble! . . . Why, 't is a chair, and, by my faith, the chairmen are intoxicated! *Disgraceful*—in St. George's Road, too!"

"Why, they are stopping here!" cried Lady Dexter, in whose mind the wild idea had suddenly sprung up that perhaps the coach of the Marchioness had broken down and this was her ladyship completing her journey in a sedan-chair.

"Sir Peter, run down and see. It may be——"

A thunderous knock at the hall-door completed her idea and put it in words. "It is the dear Marchioness, ladies! Her coach must have come by an accident. Sir Peter, run down and receive her. La! to think of such a *contretemps*! A broken-down coach, and nothing but intoxicated chairmen to be found. 'T is a disgrace to the Wells! Sophia, my *vin-aigrette*."

She would have fainted but for the near presence of the August One. All of a twitter, surrounded by her guests, she was standing when the door opened and Sir Peter, with a bow, ushered Molly Beamish into the room.

Miss Beamish's cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling. Fresh from the indignity of the street and fronting all her enemies with her Irish blood a-boil, she made a beautiful picture, despite the false pearls

two sizes too large, her dress, well-made but slightly out of fashion, and her white shoes bearing evident traces of the cleaner's art.

The women had been discussing her but a few minutes before, Lady Poyns telling of the letter she had received in answer to her own polite note, Lady Dexter vowing that it was quite as well that Lady Poyns had taken the opportunity of snubbing this impossible creature, whose father, by his villainous extravagance "and worse, my dears," had put himself completely out of court and good society. "Fortunately, though I had asked her here to amuse the dear Marchioness, she wrote refusing the invitation on the score of indisposition; in the vapors, I suppose, at your refusal to dine at the Chase. Airs! My dear lady, it seems to me that the more disreputable people are, nowadays, the more airs and graces they affect."

Fronting now the Impossible Creature, Lady Dexter, after the first shock of surprise and disappointment, bowed low, an inch lower than she would have bowed to an ordinary lady, and Molly, furious, bowed even lower.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said her ladyship. "I had thought Miss Beamish too indisposed to leave her room."

"Oh, madam," replied Molly, "I had second thoughts on my note. My indisposition was due to want of servants, who ran off and left us; but a new servant arriving in the nick o' time, I dressed myself and came. The truth is," she finished with an air of utter ingenuousness, "I did so crave to see a real society lady that the thought of her Grace of Blagdon drove me forth against my will."

At this horrid speech, the society ladies present flushed, and Mr. Shawbury, a simple man and a fox-hunter, guffawed.

"You, at least, came well attended, miss," cut in Lady Congreve. "Why, even still the street seems all agog."

"'Tis Miss Beamish's chairmen," said Lady Poyns. "They are in such fine condition, they are truly a fresh pair."

"In truth, madam," said Molly, "I had doubts of them and would have turned them from the door, only they swore they were the steadiest chairmen in the Wells and were used to carrying Sir Jakes Poyns, to say nothing of the other nobility of the place."

Sir Jakes being a notorious drunkard, even for those days, this was a nasty dig for her ladyship, who passed out of action leaving Molly, like the little *Revenge* surrounded by the Spanish fleet, small but deadly dangerous.

Mufton, half fuddled with port, took up the ball.

"Ecod," said he, "'t is a shame that a young lady should be put to such confusion before the town. 'Tis monstrous, and since horses are so hard to get and our chairmen so indifferent, why, madam, take my advice and the next time try a donkey. Haw, haw! try a donkey."

"Thank you, sir," replied Miss Beamish. "I will remember you when the occasion arises, with a million thanks for the offer of your services. . . . But my Lady Blagdon is late, it seems." She turned to Lady Dexter.

But My Lady Dexter, conversing with the Guinea Girl, did not seem to hear her; then she turned to Lady Congreve, who, conversing with Lady Poyns, seemed equally deaf.

Mufton was buttonholing Mr. Shawbury, and Turtle Shrimpton was deep in conversation with Sir Peter Dexter.

Miss Beamish found herself, for the first time in her life, in a room full of people all seeming oblivious of her existence.

Open warfare had suddenly broken out under the flag of silence, and Miss Beamish, defeated by the tactics of her opponents, drew away to one of the windows and gazed into the road.

The crowd had vanished, even the chairmen were gone, and it was only now, staring out into the darkness of the road where the moonlight was already silvering the trees, that the thought occurred to her of how she was to return.

If Rose Cowslip were suddenly to appear like an angel with the news that the Marchioness had stopped at the Chase, all would be well. The small servant would be an escort. But to return alone and unattended along the dark road to the Chase, was too terrible to be thought of.

As she stood thus, several servants entered the room and began arranging card-tables, and when Miss Beamish turned again the guests had divided themselves into two parties and were sitting down to a game of quadrille.

A large table close to one of the windows was spread with books, books of colored prints, albums containing verses, Shakespeare, and a glass shade protecting a garland of imitation flowers. Miss Beamish drew a chair to this table and, taking a book of colored prints, began to examine them with a fine air of indifference to the others.

They represented gentlemen with fowling-pieces, partridge-shooting in turnip-fields. Oh, those turnip-fields and their vivid green, the pink cheeks of those gentlemen, seen as Molly saw them through an atmosphere of disgust with society! One of them was the image of Mufton, and another might have been Turtle Shrimpton himself. She nearly tore the page as she turned it rapidly over, only to find horsemen all odiously like the gentlemen of the Wells.

She glanced from her book at Lady Dexter's broad back, at Lady Poyns's hooked nose, at Turtle Shrimpton's fin-like hands holding the cards, at the back of Mufton's head. How she hated them all! Was it possible that Christian folk would put such an indignity upon a poor girl who had done nothing, with the exception of liping them back?

Servants brought in tea, which Molly refused in as loud a voice as

possible. The strain on her nerves was becoming insupportable; she felt herself working up to a crisis; wild impulses surged upon her to scream out, to tear the turban off Lady Dexter's chestnut-colored head, to smack Mufton's fat face.

And still they sat sipping their tea and playing their cards, absolutely ignoring the unfortunate turning over the picture-books at the table.

One thing only held Molly to her guns: the Marchioness of Blagdon had not yet arrived, and it was past the hour. The clock on the chimney-piece pointed to twenty minutes to ten. Lady Dexter, despite her appearance of indifference, kept glancing at the clock, as did the others, from time to time. There was still hope for Miss Beamish, and though every second that passed was an indignity heaped upon an indignity, though every nerve in her body vibrated with shame of her own position and hatred of her tormentors, she would, literally, have died at her post rather than surrender. The hands of the clock were now her only consolation. She saw Sophie Shrimpton glancing at her; she felt that despite their assumption of indifference the others were fully alive to her presence and confusion; she knew that all this must be nectar to Mufton, ambrosia to the Poyns woman, and pearls to the Guinea Girl; but she held her own, and, discarding the picture-book, she took up Shakespeare and was soon deep in "Much Ado About Nothing," reading it upside down.

Suddenly, and as the clock hands were pointing to the quarter before ten, a sound came from the street outside that caused the card-players to lay down their cards, Lady Dexter to rise from her chair, and Sir Peter to make for the nearest window. There was no mistaking that sound. The thunder of hoofs and wheels; the cracking of postillions' whips, the reining-in of four horses.

"'T is her ladyship at last!" cried Lady Dexter, who was peeping across her husband's shoulder. "I can only see the lamps and the coach-top, but 't is her. Run, Sir Peter, and meet her in the hall. An arm-chair—she always likes to rest easy—and a foot-stool. Mr. Mufton, may I beg you to fetch me that foot-stool? 'T is between you and me, but she has a gouty foot, though she hates to be reminded of it."

Again, all of a twitter and surrounded by her guests, My Lady Dexter stood for the second time that night to receive My Lady Blagdon.

Molly, white as Ruin, and seated still at the table, was collapsed. This was disaster with a vengeance. She thought of the boast she had made to Joe, and of how, on the strength of it, no doubt, he had obtained credit at the Wells; she thought of Mr. Smith's boast, and how, on the strength of it, she had placed herself in this abominable position; she thought of the long walk home in the dark that lay before her; but the bitterest thought was of the triumph that might have been.

She was defeated, and all these wretches who had treated her with scorn were the victors.

Steps sounded on the stairs; voices came from outside; the door flew open, and a servant's voice announced:

"The Marquis of Blagdon."

X.

ASTONISHMENT had no relation to the feeling that filled Miss Beamish when, on this announcement, entered Mr. Smith, followed by Sir Peter Dexter.

Mr. Smith was still attired in the clothes worn by him that morning, but otherwise he was quite changed. He seemed an inch taller, and not nearly so light-hearted looking. Grave, dignified, and calm of eye, he glanced about him, perceived Lady Dexter and bowed.

"Why, 't is Mr. Jerningham!" cried the hostess, returning his salutation. "Surely, sir, this must be some mistake."

She had met Mr. Jerningham in the polite circles of town and had always heard him spoken of as a hare-brained scamp. She had quite forgotten that he was, in default of direct issue, the inheritor of the Blagdon estates and title.

"Alas, madam," replied the young man, "'t is no mistake, unless it be the mistake of Death, who has taken my worthy uncle in the prime of his career and left me, his unworthy next-of-kin, with the burden of the marquiseate and the administration of his estates. The late Marquis of Blagdon died but a few hours ago, and the present Marquis begs to introduce himself to you. The Dowager Marchioness, stricken by the sad event, will be unable, with deep regret, to avail herself of the hospitality of your roof, and has deputed me her messenger."

Never once did he glance at Molly, who, with cheeks now flaming and brilliant eyes, was still seated at the table.

Was he about to ignore her like the rest, now that fortune had touched him? For a moment the idea came to her that all this was a joke on his part, designed to confuse My Lady Dexter, but her keen perception soon told her this was not so; the man was stamped with his vocation in life; the new dignity that had come to him was apparent as a coronet would have been worn on his head. No, the chrysalis which she had found that morning and protected had indeed burst into butterfly blossom, and the butterfly knew her not.

"I vow, my Lord Marquis," cried Lady Dexter, "that this surprise has so overcome me I am quite at a task how to express myself in fitting terms. Whilst lamenting at the death of the late Marquis, your uncle, one cannot but rejoice that his mantle has fallen on one so eminently qualified to bear it. My lord, my congratulations."

"My congratulations," murmured each of the guests, even to Muf-

ton, who was all aghast and agog at the sight of this man, a highway robber last night, a marquis this evening. Sophie Shrimpton, on the point of fainting at the fool she had made of herself that day, was conscious of little else but a buzzing in her ears; yet she gave him her congratulations like the others, and My Lord Marquis bowed to each in turn. Molly, alone, still seated at the table, said nothing.

"And have you arrived from town?" asked Lady Dexter. "For if so, you must sadly need refreshment after your journey; and if your lordship will make our roof your shelter to-night, say but the word and I will have your room made up. 'T will not take a minute."

"I thank you," replied he, "but I am staying with a friend." His eyes were now fixed on Molly; though he had perceived her from the first moment of entering the room, he seemed to see her now for the first time, and some of the old irresponsible gaiety and devilment of the man peeped from his eyes. He saw that she was in confusion, and, far from commiserating with her, he seemed to enjoy the fact. It seemed to Molly that polished brutality could go no further; that the world had ended for her, and that, had she a weapon, she could have killed him with ease and with conscience.

"At the Wells?" queried Lady Dexter.

"Outside the Wells," replied the Marquis. "Outside the Wells, madam. But it seems to me there is a lady here to whom I have not been introduced. Ah, Miss Beamish, Miss Beamish, is it thus you forget old friends?"

Molly, suddenly electrified by his change of tone and expression, rose from the table and bowed as he advanced towards her, and before My Lady Dexter could attempt an introduction My Lord the Marquis, to the amazement of the company, was down on one knee and kissing the tips of the outcast's fingers.

"My lord," said Molly, as he rose and as she stood flushed and in the seventh heaven at this homage before the circle of abashed and disconcerted ones, "my only thought has been of your safety since we last met."

"Dear heart," replied he, "I am now safe from the effect of my stupidity and cured of it forever by your grace. Ladies," said he, turning to the others, "you see before you a man who has committed many light-hearted follies. For instance, last night, returning from a masque and flown with wine, the happy thought occurred to him to turn to the highway and pick up what he could in the way of adventure. Meeting a fat macaroni in a coach, he stopped the coach, took the purse of the occupant, and then, the frolic over, returned the purse with a bow. For this he was pursued, and it would have gone hard with him had not an angel appeared in his path to give him shelter and consolation. That man was Mr. Jerningham, that angel was the daughter of my friend Sir Patrick Beamish. I cannot introduce Mr. Jerningham to you—he has vanished

from the earth; I cannot introduce Miss Beamish to you, as you already know her, but I *can* introduce the future Marchioness of Blagdon."

He bowed low to the future Marchioness, who, bowing to him, turned her back on the company present.

"My lord," said she, "all this is so extraordinary that I have scarce speech to explain myself. Here have I sat mumchance all the evening, scorned by the people to whom you have just introduced me as your future wife. It becomes the dignity of neither of us that we should remain in this house where I have been so treated; therefore I pray you, my lord, to take me to my father's house, for in this place the happiness that has come to me is soiled by the remembrance of my treatment."

My Lord the Marquis looked coldly round on the assembled guests, bowed to Lady Dexter, and, without a word, presenting his arm to his *fiancée*, led her from the room, where the confused guests were now occupied in resuscitating the Guinea Girl, who had fainted.

Down the stairs they passed and across the hall, where a servant ran before them to open the door. In the road Molly caught a glimpse of the travelling-coach, the four horses, the blazing lamps, and the postillions. Next moment she was inside the carriage, with the Marquis of Blagdon beside her, and it was heading for the Chase.

This reversal of fortune was too much for Miss Beamish. Scarcely had the carriage turned than, with a flood of tears, and casting herself on the shoulder of her lover, she broke into the tale of her troubles, so that My Lord the Marquis was for turning the carriage, challenging Mufton, and pulling Sir Peter Dexter's nose—things which he would most certainly have done but for Molly, who, turning from tears to laughter, ordered the postillions to drive on.

"And is she there?" asked she, as the horses slackened speed at the hill.

"Who, sweetheart?"

"My Lady Blagdon."

"I' faith is she, there and waiting for you, wig and all; drinking brandy punch served to her by your new man. And, by the same token, that new man of yours—where did you get him from? For his face seems to me strangely familiar."

"Heaven," said Molly. "Just where I got you from on this the day of my life. Never shall I part with him—dear heart! never shall I part with you, till Death us do part."

But she spoke without a full knowledge of Joe. That friend of the aristocracy in distress, though he assisted at the wedding function which took place a fortnight later, could by no persuasion be induced to forego his proper calling, living his ambiguous but useful life, and dying full of years in the service of My Lord Kilmainham.

THE POET OF THE FLAG

By La Salle Corbell Pickett

AWAY back in the years, Terra Rubra, the colonial home of John Ross Key, spread out broad acres under the sky of Maryland, in the northern part of Frederick County. Girt by noble trees, the old mansion, built of brick that came from England in the days when the New World yet remained in ignorance of the wealth of her natural and industrial resources, stood in the middle of the spacious lawn which afforded a beautiful playground for little Francis Scott Key and his young sister, who lived here the ideal home life of love and happiness. Among the flowers of the terraced garden they learned the first lessons of beauty and sweetness and the triumph of growth and blossoming. At a short distance was a dense line of forest, luring the young feet into tangled wildernesses of greenery and the colorful beauty of wild flowers in summer, and lifting great gray arms in solemn majesty against the dun skies of winter. Through it flowed the rippling silver of Pipe Creek on its sparkling way to the sea. At the foot of a grassy slope a spring offered draughts of the clear pure water which is said to be the only drink for one who would write epics or live an epic. Beyond a wide expanse of wind-blown grass the young eyes saw the variant gray and purple tints of the Catoctin Mountains, showing mystic changes in the floodtide of day or losing themselves in the crimson and gold sea of sunset.

In this stately old, many-verandaed home, looking across nearly three thousand acres of fertile land as if with a proud sense of lordship, the wide-browed, poet-faced boy, with the beautiful dreamy eyes and the line of genius between his delicately arched brows, passed the golden years of his childhood.

It is said that President Washington once went to Terra Rubra to visit his old friend, General John Ross Key, of Revolutionary fame. It may be that the venerated hand of the "Father of His Country"—the hand that had so resolutely put away all selfish ambitions and had reached out only for good things to bestow upon his people and his nation—was laid in blessing upon the bright young head of little Francis Scott Key, helping to plant in the youthful heart the seed that afterward blossomed into the thought which he expressed many years later:

I have said that patriotism is the preserving virtue of Republics.
Let this virtue wither and selfish ambition assume its place as the
motive for action, and the Republic is lost.

Here, my countrymen, is the sole ground of danger.

Seven miles from Annapolis, where the Severn River flows into Round Bay, stands Belvoir, a spacious manor-house with sixteen-inch walls, in which are great windows reaching down to the polished oak floor. In this home of Francis Key, his grandfather, the young Francis Scott Key spent a part of the time of his tutelage, preparing for entrance into St. John's College, the stately buildings of which were erected by a certain early Key, who had come to our shore to help unlock the gates of liberty for the world.

The old college, with its historic campus, fits well into the atmosphere of Annapolis, standing proudly in her eighteenth-century dignity, watching the rest of the world scramble in a helter-skelter rush for modern trivialities. Its old walls are in pleasing harmony with the colonial mansions poised on little hillocks, from which they look down on you with benevolent condescension and invite you to climb the long flights of steps that lead to their very hearts, grand but hospitable, which you do in a glow of high-pitched ambition, as if you were scaling an arduous but fascinating intellectual height. Having reached the summit, you stop an instant on the landing, partly for breathing purposes, but more especially to exult a moment on the height of triumph.

The four-storied college at the end of Prince George Street—regal Annapolis would not be content with a street of less than royal dignity—looks down with pleased approval on its wide expanse of green campus, for that stretch of ground has a history that makes it worthy of the noble building which it supports. It spread its greenery to the view of those window-eyes decades before the Revolution, and when that fiery torch flamed upon the country's record the college green furnished a camping place for the freedom-loving Frenchmen who came over the sea to help set our stars permanently into the blue of our national sky. In 1812 American troops pitched their tents on the famous campus, and under the waving green of its summer grasses and the white canopy of its winter snows men who died for their country's honor lie in their long sleep.

On the grounds east of the college buildings stands the Tulip Tree which sheltered the first settlers of Annapolis in 1649, and may have hidden away in the memory-cells of its staunch old heart reminiscences of a time when a bluff old Latin sailor, with more ambition in his soul than geography in his head, unwittingly blundered onto a New World.

Whatever may be its recollections, it has sturdily weathered the storms of centuries, surviving the tempests hurled against it by Nature and the poetry launched upon it by Man. It has been known by the name of the "Treaty Tree," from a tradition that in the shade of its branches the treaty with the Susquehannogs was signed in 1652. In 1825 General La Fayette was entertained under its spreading boughs, and it has since extended hospitable arms over many a patriotic celebration.

In "the antiente citie" Francis Scott Key found many things which appealed to his patriotic soul. On the State House hill was the old cannon brought to Maryland by Lord Baltimore's colony and rescued from a protracted bath in St. Mary's River to take its place among the many relics of history which make Annapolis the repository of old stories tinged by time and fancy with a mystic coloring of superstition. He lived in the old "Carvel House," erected by Dr. Upton Scott on Shipwright Street. Not far away was the "Peggy Stewart" dwelling, overlooking the harbor where the owner of the unfortunate *Peggy Stewart*, named for the mistress of the mansion, was forced by the revolutionary citizens of Annapolis, perhaps incited by an over-zealous enthusiasm but with good intentions, to burn his ship in penalty for having paid the tax on its cargo of tea.



If Francis Key had a taste for the supernatural, there was ample opportunity for its gratification in this haven of tradition. He may have seen the headless man who was accustomed to walk down Green Street to Market Space, with what intention was never divulged. Every old house had its ghost, handed down through the generations, as necessary a piece of furniture as the tester-bed or the sideboard. Perhaps not all of these mysterious visitants were as quiet as the shadowy lady of the Brice house, who would glide softly in at the hour of gloaming and, with her head on her hand, lean against the mantel, look sadly into the faces of the occupants of the room, and vanish without a sound—of course, it is undeniable that Annapolis would have only well-bred ghosts.

After graduation from St. John's, in that famous class known as the "Tenth Legion" because of its brilliancy, Francis Scott Key studied law in the office of his uncle, Philip Barton Key, in Annapolis, where his special chum was Roger Brooke Taney, who persuaded him to begin the practice of his profession in Frederick City. In 1801 the youthful advocate opened his law office in the town from which the Revolutionary Key had marched away to Boston to join Colonel Washington's troops. Francis Key invited his friend to visit Terra Rubra with him, and Mr. Taney found the old plantation home so

fascinating that many visits followed. Soon there was a wedding at beautiful Terra Rubra, when pretty, graceful Ann Key became the wife of the future Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

In 1802, at Annapolis, in the mahogany wainscoted drawing-room of the old Lloyd house, built in 1772, Key was married to Mary Tayloe Lloyd.

After a few years of practice in Frederick City, Francis Scott Key removed to Georgetown, now West Washington. Here at the foot of what is known as M Street, but was Bridge Street in the good old days before Georgetown had given up her picturesque street names for the insignificant numbers and letters of Washington, half a block from the old Aqueduct Bridge, stands a two-storied, gable-roofed, dormer-windowed house, bearing in black letters the inscription, "The Key Mansion." Below is the announcement that it is open to the public from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily, excepting Sunday. On a placard between two front doors are printed the words, "Home of Francis Scott Key, author of The Star-Spangled Banner," the patriotic color-scheme being shown in the white placard and blue and red lettering.

For more than a century the house has stood there, and the circling years have sent it into remote antiquity of appearance, the storms of time having so swept it with their winds and beaten it with their rains and bombarded it with snow and sleet and hail as to make difficult the realization that it was once the home of bounding, scintillant life, and that its walls in the years gone by were radiant with the visions and hopes and ambitions of a happy group of youthful souls. It stands at the foot of what is now a street of shops, and the wearing away of the decades have taken from it all suggestion of home surroundings.



Through a door at the left I passed into a wide hall, on the walls of which are some patriotic inscriptions. There is one, a quotation from President McKinley, that conveys an admonition the disregard of which leads to consequences which we often have occasion to deplore: "The vigilance of the Citizen is the safety of the Republic."

At the right of the hall are two rooms, locked now, but serving as parlors when the sad old house was a bright, beautiful home. A steep Colonial stairway leads to a hall on the second floor, where again there are inscriptions on the walls to remind the visitor of his duties as a citizen of the nation over which the Star-Spangled Banner yet waves.

On the second floor the first sign of life appeared. A door stood slightly ajar, and in answer to a touch a tall woman with a face of underlying tragedy and a solitary aspect that fitted well with the loneliness of the old house appeared and courteously invited me to enter.

She is the care-taker of the mansion, bears an aristocratic old Virginia name, and is wrapped around with that air of gloomily garnered memories characteristic of women who were in the heart of the crucial period of our history. I am not surprised when she tells me that she watched the battle of Fredericksburg from her window as she lay ill in her room, and that she witnessed the burning of Richmond after the surrender. I recognize the fact that life has been a harder battle, since all her own have passed over the line and left her to the lonely conflict, than was ever a contest in those days of war.

She tells me that the Key relics have all been taken to the Betsy Ross house in Philadelphia. What they were she does not know, for they were all packed in boxes when she first came to the Key mansion. The only object left, from the possessions of the man who made that old dwelling a shrine upon the altar of which Americans of to-day ought to place offerings of patriotism, is an old frame in a small room at the end of the hall. On the bottom of the frame is printed in large black letters the name, Francis Scott Key. Some jagged fragments within the frame indicate that something, either picture or flag, has been hastily and carelessly removed.

Finding no relic of the man whose life once glorified the now dark and gloomy house, I hold with the greater tenacity the mental picture I have of the old flag I used to see in the National Museum. Faded, discolored, and tattered, it is yet the most glorious piece of bunting our country owns to-day—the flag that floated over Fort McHenry through the fiery storm of that night of anxious vigil in which our national anthem was born.



In this old house on Bridge Street Francis Scott Key lived when he was Attorney for the District of Columbia, and in a small brick office adjoining his home he did the work that placed him in the front rank of the American bar.

St. John's Episcopal Church, not far away, where he was vestryman, has a tablet to the memory of Reverend Johannes I. Sayrs, a former rector, on which is an inscription by Key. In Christ Church is a memorial window dedicated to Francis Scott Key.

"It is a pity that the old house is to be sold," said a resident of Georgetown.

"Is it to be sold?" I asked. For a long time this fate has been hovering over the old Key home, but I had hoped, even when there was no hope.

"Yes," was the reply. "The ground is wanted for business buildings."

"A pity?" I said. "It is more than a pity: it is a national

shame." Is there not patriotism enough in our land to keep that shrine sacred to historic memory?

It was from this house that Key set out September 4, 1814, to negotiate for the release of Dr. Beanes, one of his friends, who, after having most kindly cared for British soldiers when wounded and helpless, was arrested and taken to the British fleet as a prisoner in revenge for his having sent away from his door-yard some intoxicated English soldiers who were creating disorder and confusion. Key, in company with Colonel John S. Skinner, United States Agent for Parole of Prisoners, arrived at Fort McHenry, on Whetstone Point, in time to witness the effort of General Ross to make good his boast that he "did not care if it rained militia, he would take Baltimore and make it his winter headquarters."

They were received on the ship *Surprise*, and, upon making their plea for their captive friend, were told that he had inflicted atrocious injuries upon British soldiers, and the Admiral had resolved to hang him from the yard-arm. The eloquence of Mr. Key, supplemented by letters written by British officers to Dr. Beanes, thanking him for the many kindnesses which they had received from him, finally won Admiral Cochrane from his vengeful decision. After the release of the captive, the Americans were not permitted to return to land, lest they might carry information detrimental to the British cause. Thus Admiral Cochrane, who enjoyed well-merited distinction for doing the wrong thing, placed his unwilling guests in their own boat, the *Minden*, as near the scene of action as possible, with due regard for their physical safety, in order that they might suffer the mortification of seeing their flag go down. Two hours had been assigned, in the British mind, for the accomplishment of that beneficent result, after which "terms for Baltimore" might be considered.

For three days Key and his companions watched the landing of nine thousand soldiers and marines at North Point, preparatory to the attack on the fort, which was defended by a small force of raw militia, partly composed of the men who had been so easily defeated at Bladensburg. They were under command of Colonel George Armistead, who faced a court-martial if he should not win, for the Washington administration had peremptorily ordered him to surrender the fort.

Through the long hours of the 13th, Key paced the deck of his boat, watching the battle with straining eyes and a heart that thrilled and leaped and sank with every thunder of gun and flash of shell. The day was calm and still, with no wind to lift the flag that drooped around its staff over Fort McHenry. At eventide a breeze unfurled its folds, and as it floated out a shell struck it and tore out one of its fifteen stars.

Night fell. His companions went below to seek rest in such unquiet slumbers as might visit them, but there was no sleep in the heart of Key. Not until the mighty question which filled the night sky with thunder and flame and surged in whelming billows through his own soul found its answer in the court of Eternal Destiny could rest come to the man who watched through the long hours of darkness, waiting for dawn to bring triumph or despair.

Silence came—the silence that meant victory and defeat. Whose was the victory? The night gave no answer, and the lonely man still paced up and down the deck of the *Minden*. Then day dawned in a glory in the east, and a glory in the heart of the anxious watcher. In that first thrill of joy and triumph our majestic anthem was formed.

Key took from his pocket an old letter, and on its blank page pencilled the opening lines of the song. In the boat which took him back to Baltimore he finished the poem, and in his hotel made a copy for the press. The next day the lines were put into type by Samuel Sands, an apprentice in the office of the *Baltimore American*, who had been deserted in the general rush to see the battle, as being too young to be trusted at the front, and that evening they were sung in the Holliday Street Theatre. The next day the air was heard upon the streets of Baltimore from every boy who had been gifted with a voice or a whistle, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" was soon waving over the musical domain as victoriously as it had floated from the ramparts of Fort McHenry.

It is in the great moments of life that a man gives himself to the world, and in the giving parts from nothing of himself, for in the gift he but expands his own nature and keeps himself in greater measure than before. May not he to whom our great anthem came through the battle-storm smile pityingly upon the futile efforts of to-day to supply a national song that shall eclipse the noble lines born of patriotism and battle ardor and christened in flame?

Thus it was that Francis Scott Key reached the high tide of life before the defenses of the Monumental City, and to Baltimore he returned when that tide was ebbing away, and in view of the old fort, under the battlements of which he had fallen to unfathomable depths of suffering and risen to immeasurable heights of triumphant joy, he crossed the bar into the higher tide beyond. On a beautiful hill Baltimore has erected a stately monument to the memory of the man who linked her name with the majestic anthem which gives fitting voice to our national hopes.

Away on the other edge of our continent, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, another noble shaft tells the world that "the Star-Spangled

Banner yet waves" over all our land and knows no distinctions of North, South, East, or West.

In Olivet Cemetery, in the old historic city of Frederick, Maryland, is the grave of Francis Scott Key. Over it stands a marble column supporting a statue of Key, his poet face illumined by the art of the sculptor, his arms outstretched, his left hand bearing a scroll inscribed with the lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner," while on the pedestal sits Liberty, holding the flag for which those immortal lines were written.

Thus, perpetuated in granite, the noble patriot stands, looking over the town to which he long ago gave this message:

But if ever, forgetful of her past and present glory, she shall cease to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and become the purchased possession of a company of stock-jobbers and speculators; if her people are to become the vassals of a great moneyed corporation, and to bow down to her pensioned and privileged nobility; if the patriots who shall dare to arraign her corruptions and denounce her usurpations are to be sacrificed upon her gilded altar,—such a country may furnish venal orators and presses, but the soul of national poetry will be gone. That muse will "never bow the knee in mammon's fane." No, the patriots of such a land must hide their shame in her deepest forests, and her bards must hang their harps upon the willows. Such a people, thus corrupted and degraded,

"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence they sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."



DAFFODILS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

LITTLE children of the sun,
Careless of oblivion,
Kindred to the quickened clod,
Not without some hint of God,
So content with your employ,—
Just to bloom with vernal joy,
Just to voice the golden mirth
Never dying in the earth,—
Would I might bequeath like you,
Who must fade as blossoms do,
When I pass into the night,
Something of your blessed warmth and light!

THE FOOLISH BOOKS

By Owen Oliver

I. FROM HIS BOOK.

I HAVE gleaned an ear from the field of wisdom to-night. Old Ditmas let it fall from his sheaf. A party of mixed sexes had gathered in front of the wind-screen, facing a full sea and the Southern Cross. He was telling stories with a wholesome laugh in them.

"How do you collect them?" some one asked in the lull after a laugh.

"I note them at the end of my diary," he confessed.

There was a chorus of incredulous raillery at the idea of such a notoriously wise man keeping a diary, and Mrs. Royd remarked that she had always understood that it was a feminine weakness.

"It is a weakness when it is feminine," he retorted.

"Go on," she encouraged him. "'I remember a story about a diary'——"

"I decline to jest about my diary," he stated. "It is the rudder that steers me."

"That sounds like a jest," Carruthers commented.

"Or a riddle," Alice Benson suggested. "Why is a diary like a rudder? We give it up, Mr. Ditmas."

He laughed and finished his whiskey and soda.

"When it is kept as I keep mine," he explained. "You see, ordinary diary-keepers put down the things they like to remember. I put down those that I don't."

"It must be a painful document," I observed.

"But useful," he claimed. "When you read that, two days running, you lost your temper at bridge, or sat up late boring people with your stories, you give up bridge, and go early to bed. Good-night!"

He rolled off amid a chorus of protest, cracking his fingers and swaying his huge body. Before passing the screen, he turned to us.

"I call it the Foolish Book," he stated. "Try one, some of you. The steward has a lot of nice little note-books, with black, shiny covers."

I was carrying Miss Benson's rugs downstairs for her when we encountered the chief steward.

"Now you can buy your book," she suggested, with that queer little tilt of the head which first made me notice her.

I bought two of his note-books, and gave one to her.

"You might have a folly to record," I remarked.

"But I don't understand why you bought two," she rejoined. "You, of course, have no follies to put down!"

If I have n't before the end of the voyage, it won't be your fault, Miss Alice!

My asininity of the moment is flirtation with Alice Benson, a pretty, pert, penniless governess, on the lookout for a good match. Well, I've come within hailing distance of forty, and I think I can risk it. One must do something on board ship, and she is good company.

II. FROM HER BOOK.

THIS is the Foolish Book, compiled by me—Alice Benson.

I propose to enter herein my follies; as many as I find time to write about.

My folly of the moment is attempting to be wise—matrimonially wise. I am not sure that my folly is not wisdom. Let me put the case to you, Book:

Suppose that a girl is three-and-twenty, passably good-looking, reasonably intelligent, and horribly poor; a governess to children (little wretches!).

Suppose that she is sick to death of being a dependent (even though her present employers make dependence tolerable).

Suppose that she sees no way out of it except marriage.

Suppose that she does n't want to marry any one in particular.

Suppose that there is a well-to-do and clever lawyer, getting on toward forty; not bad-looking; very self-sure and superior.

Suppose that he has deliberately set out to flirt with her, without any "intentions"; that he is n't in love with her, but merely likes light brown hair, and big eyes, and a pinky complexion, and a tart tongue.

Suppose he felt quite safe in his wisdom.

Suppose she thought she'd show him that he was n't.

Suppose in an unguarded moment he should propose.

Suppose she should say "yes"—or "no."

Would she be a fool?

In plain English, shall I lay myself out to catch a rich husband, or shan't I?

You horrid Book!

III. FROM HIS BOOK.

A RUDDER is no use unless you hold the tiller. At present, I am leaving it free.

Why should n't I? I am not falling in love with the merry Alice, and she is not falling in love with me.

One does n't fall in love very easily at eight-and-thirty; and one does n't fall in love very easily *with* eight-and-thirty. If I saw a risk of either, I'd get off at the next port. She is a delightful 'board-ship comrade, but she would n't do for a companion on the long journey; too young, too frivolous, too fond of pleasure; not enough heart, I think; anyhow, no heart for me. Doubtless she pronounces me too old, too sensible, too fond of work. Probably she considers it a merit that I have n't enough heart to bore her. Possibly she would endure the drawbacks for the sake of my money. Certainly she would n't be surprised if I made her the offer. It is a deliberate flirtation on both sides, so neither can complain.

The difference is that I am flirting for amusement, and she for business. No doubt she enjoys the sport, too. Well, catch me if you can, my pretty fisherwoman.

I take warning, however, from the Foolish Book. Angling is a risky sport—for the fish!

IV. FROM HER BOOK.

WILL he or won't he? Shall I or shan't I?

It would be the sensible thing to marry him, if I have the chance; and somehow I fancy that I shall. I can't go on governessing all my life; and the poor old mother can't go on with the little I send her; and that's every penny I can spare.

I don't care for anybody else; and it would be such fun to catch him. He nibbles at the hook, and thinks himself so safe! I *must* make him propose. But when he does——?

What's the use of equivocating to a diary? I'll set down in the Foolish Book

What I would not tell
For hope of Heaven or fear of Hell!

I mean to accept him. If I can't put up with him, I can easily break it off.

I don't know that I *could* put up with him. He is so superior. That is the word for him. If we get married, we shall live cat and dog.

If he were n't so sure about everything, I could like him just tolerably, and then I should n't hesitate. I could easily make him like me, and it would be a fair bargain. I should get his money; and he would get a nice wife. I can be nice, wretch as I am!

What I don't like—besides his "superiority"—is catching him when he does n't want to be caught. Yet I don't see that I need mind that. He is fifteen years older, and he deliberately set out to flirt with me. I shall catch him if I can. Won't he be surprised, poor man!

Do you know, Book, I am not quite so horrid as you'd think from what I've written down. If the right man came along, I'd marry him, and be poor with him, and starve with him. . . . Somebody who was n't "superior." I should n't care what he was so long as he was n't that!

V. FROM HER BOOK.

I MUST begin to grip the tiller. I detected a distinct feeling of regard for her to-day. She was such a little brick.

It was rough, and most of the people were knocked over. Alice's youngsters were very queer. Their mother and nurse stayed below. So both the children dumped on poor Alice, who was lying in a deck-chair and looking a trifle greenish. She tried to bear up, and petted the poor little beggars, till I went and took the boy away from her. She managed a smile.

"Good Samaritan!" she said. Then she hugged the little girl to her, and they both went to sleep.

Her hair had fallen out, and she looked almost childish. I am fifteen years the older, and if the flirtation went to the point of her really liking me— No. It would not do even then. We should be extremely ill-matched.

As a matter of fact, she does n't care for me. She might try to persuade herself that she did; but it would be my money. Still, you're a nicer woman than I thought, naughty Miss Alice.

VI. FROM HER BOOK.

THE superior person was really nice to-day. My dear tiresome youngsters were very sick. I think I should have been if he had n't hauled Desmond off me, and nursed him himself. I was so done up that I went off to sleep cuddling Gracie. When I woke, Desmond was asleep. The hardened man was reading a law book and smoking an enormous cigar. He is superior to seasickness.

He got up and carried the youngsters down to their berths without waking them. Then he came back and tucked me up, and put another rug over me, and sat and talked.

"Do you know what I have been thinking?" he asked.

"That I look green and ugly?" I suggested.

He laughed.

"If I thought it would cure your vanity, I'd say 'yes,'" he told me.

"But, as a matter of fact, you only look green. I have been thinking that you are very fond of your 'tiresome youngsters,' as you call them."

"You evidently thought very badly of me before," I told him.

I thought that would have fetched a compliment; but he only stared,

as if he were trying to realize what he did think of me. I fancy he also began to realize that I am dangerous. I might have been; but while he was staring I went off to sleep again. I must have looked a fright. My hair had fallen out. I wish I were too superior to mind the ship's wagging about.

If it keeps fine, like it is this evening, I shall put on my pink blouse to-morrow. I meant to keep it in reserve; but something must be done to wipe out the memory of my awful looks of to-day!

VII. FROM HIS BOOK.

OLD Ditmas was right. A man needs a frank record of his follies to warn him. I felt the fascination of the fair Alice to-day. She wore a wonderful pale pink blouse; and a wonderful pale pink smile. She certainly is a very pretty woman.

"I want people to forget how horrid I looked yesterday," she told me. "Please stare at me! As if you were taking a photograph to blot out yesterday's green one!"

She posed with her head a-tilt; the lure that first interested me in her. I did look hard at her; so hard that Mrs. Luttrell smiled.

"I think I could guess the photo of yesterday," she said in her gentle way—she is a very delicate woman. "It is n't a green one, is it? It's a pale, heroic little person struggling to bear with two sick babies?"

"It is that," I assented; and Mrs. Luttrell nodded.

"That is the real Alice. Well, one of them! The other is this vain little person."

She put her hand on Alice's arm for a moment. She is distinctly fond of her. So are the children. The other day I told Desmond that his Miss Benson was naughty. He glared at me. "You's a 'tory-teller," he said. "An' that's rude! An' I mean to be rude!"

If the green Alice and the pink Alice were all of her! But there's a black Alice that's looking for a well-to-do husband. . . . Perhaps there's a white Alice for somebody. Not for me. The next time I feel a trace of susceptibility, I take warning, and the flirtation stops. Note that, O Foolish Book.

VIII. FROM HER BOOK.

THE superior man sees the bait at last.

Ah, my friend! You've nibbled! The fisherwoman will have you. I had a letter this morning, when we were in port. Mummy is n't well, Mrs. Nugent says, and she ought to go away for a change. Where's the money to come from?

I am sorry for you, poor superior man; but it's your own fault. You deliberately set out to flirt with me. Now you mean to stop. I saw it in your eyes. You shan't stop!

IX. FROM HIS BOOK.

FOOL!

Fool!

I've proposed to her. Heaven forgive me if I misjudge her, but I believe she deliberately lured me on.

I had n't the remotest intention of doing it—quite the reverse, in fact. I was walking round with her after dinner. We were passing the wind-screen, and the ship rolled heavily, just as we went from the electric lights into the starlight. I caught hold of her as we staggered. Her hair blew against my face. She turned toward me with that tilt of the head and her eyes laughing. The pink blouse seemed to set her off like the velvet back of a jewel-case. . . . She's pretty. . . . I did n't know I was going to kiss her till I'd done it.

She gave a queer little cry. I think that was genuine. The kiss had to be a proposal or an insult. I proposed, of course.

She said "yes."

"I don't think you meant to," she told me the moment after; and then she began to cry. I fancied for a moment that she really liked me; and for the time being I was completely under the spell of her prettiness. I repeated the proposal—irretrievably.

She won't make a bad wife, I think. She's very, very pretty; and, if she chooses, she can be very nice; but—*she lured me on to it!*

Fool!

X. FROM HER BOOK.

I've done it, and I hope I'm ashamed of myself.

I'll set down the bare, horrid fact. I tempted him to kiss me; and he did.

He took the consequences like a man, and proposed to me. I accepted him.

I'm sure he was sorry, and I'm sure that I am.

Hair, eyes, and a saucy tongue; a pretty pink blouse to help! They've fetched—a "superior" slave-owner!

It serves him right! It *does* serve him right. I don't pity him. I pity myself. It is n't just selling myself. It's selling myself to a man who does n't want me. That is the humiliation.

I'd tell him the truth and set him free if it was n't for Mother. I must have money for her.

If he is nice about helping her, when we are married, I will be nice

to him. Perhaps he will like me then. . . . I could like him very well if he liked me, and if he would n't be superior.

Is n't it clever of me to catch such a clever and superior husband!
The Fool who was wise!

XI. FROM HIS BOOK.

SHE has told Mrs. Luttrell, and Mrs. Luttrell has told half the ship. My arm aches with hand-shaking.

The curious thing is that every one seems to think it a very suitable match. Even old Ditmas evidently thought so, though he pretended to chaff me.

"You should have kept a diary," he declared.

Confound his diary!

It is n't that I don't like the girl. If she liked me, and were marrying me for myself, candidly I believe I should be rather glad. But I can't get rid of the conviction that she is marrying me for my money, and laid herself out to do it. She is obviously not easy in her mind.

Mrs. Luttrell minded the children all the afternoon to give the "lovers" a chance. Gracie escaped and ran to Alice. She picked the child up and hugged her frantically. It was as if she said, "Here's some one I do love!"

XII. FROM HER BOOK.

TO-DAY has been unbearable.

Every one has been congratulating me. "He is such a clever man," they say. Why don't they say "superior"?

I won't call him that any more. He has been painfully anxious to be kind to me. He braces himself up and calls me "dear." Three times this evening he braced himself up and kissed me. The last time he told me to kiss him. The slave obeyed.

I used to wonder how a slave-girl felt. Now I know!

If he wanted me, I should n't mind so much. I should try hard to care for him; and I expect I should succeed. I really do think quite well of him, and I know that, even though he does n't care for me, he means to be good to me.

If only——

Oh, Book! I don't want to write. I want to cry.

Poor slave-girl! Slave-girl who sold herself.

XIII. FROM HIS BOOK.

THE storm has come. I must take the tiller now, and steer for poor, pretty Alice as well as for myself.

I had my diary on deck. Alice had hers. They are two identical little black-covered books. They got mixed up when I carried our things downstairs last night.

I opened the one that I had taken, to record that I had spent a more pleasant day—the pleasantest of the voyage; unsentimental but friendly; and perhaps I should have added that, when I kissed her good-night, she kissed me unasked.

I read "The Foolish Book, Compiled by me—Alice Benson." Then I closed it, of course.

I handed it back to her this morning, and told her that I had read no more than that.

She looked at me and shivered.

"I have read every word of yours," she said. "Any woman would."

"Yes," I admitted. "Yes. . . . I am more sorry than I can say. . . . If I had had it last night, there would have been something more pleasant added."

She drew a deep breath.

"I tried to be nice yesterday," she said, "but—your book was very—very hurting. . . . It was true, what you thought. Our engagement is ended, obviously; but I should rather part friends. . . . Read my book, and be kind and manly about it. You *are* that. . . . I don't ask you to read the nasty things I have written, just from spitefulness. It seems fair. . . . You will find that you need not offer any self-sacrifice. I see"—she smiled faintly—"I see that you are contemplating that. . . . I shall tell Mrs. Luttrell that our engagement is at an end."

"I will read the book, Alice," I said. "I think a clear understanding is best. As for the engagement, there are only two more days of the voyage. We need not have the unpleasantness of announcing a breach on the ship, I think—if you will endure two more days of my society. I shall be considerate."

"Thank you," she said. "You are always that."

I've had a bad quarter of an hour with her book. It has made me feel very sorry for the hurt that mine must have inflicted on her. It has also brought home to me that I am very responsible in the matter; and that, having read two Foolish Books, I have two tillers in my hand and two lives to steer. . . . Two courses or one course?

We shall see to-night.

XIV. FROM HER BOOK.

THIS is the last entry in you, Foolish Book. To-morrow you drop overboard. I have read his diary, and he has read you. Drowning is our sentence on both of you.

"We will assume," he said, "that there are a nice woman and a tolerable man beneath the naughtiness and the superiority. Let us make up our minds to find them."

He was very, very nice about it. He gave you back to me after dinner, when we walked up beyond the wind-screen, and said just that.

I said, "Thank you. . . . Yes. We will try."

We stood looking over at the water for some time. Then he touched my blouse. It was the pink one.

"This was the real cause of my undoing," he said. "You looked so pretty."

"Don't!" I begged. I was crying.

"You look so pretty now," he said. "Don't you think—don't you think I have found the little white Alice? . . . I love you, little girl. Can't you love me, too?"

I turned to him and put my hands on his shoulders, and looked right up into his eyes.

"We have tried deceiving each other," I said. "Let us try being honest and true. . . . I shall forget what you said just now; but if you ever say it again, I shall believe you. Do not say it again unless it becomes quite, quite true; unless you have n't a shadow of a doubt. I trust to your honor."

"On my honor, Alice," he said at once. "I love you very much, and I wish to marry you."

"I love you, too!" I cried. "Oh! I do!"

It is true.

Now, little Book, you must go. You are not mine any more, because I am not the girl who wrote in you. He has found the other Alice; the little white Alice who wants to be his wife.

Good-bye, Foolish Book!



IN THE ADMIRAL'S CABIN

By Robert J. Pearsall

WE were gathered in the relief shack at Olongapo, waiting for our turn to go on guard. Some of us were standing, some sitting, some sprawled out on our canvas field-cots. Outside, the driving, fever-smelling rain of the Philippines was falling. The Old Timer was talking, while we recruits listened with mouths agape.

"So, instead of coming straight home from Peking, as we expected, we were shifted—a hundred of us—onto the *Rainbow* at Taku. And we went from Taku to Yokohama, and then doubled back to Kobe, and through the Inland Sea to Nagasaki, and then from Nagasaki we started across to Shanghai. And it was then that it happened.

"A few hours out of Nagasaki we met the Limie fleet going at full speed. ('Limie' means English, you rookie!) We wigwagged back and forth a bit as we passed, and directly afterward I saw that we changed our course. I did n't savvy the reason for it, and neither did anybody else forward, but late the next afternoon we were cruising slow along the coast of what I took for Quelpart Island, well off the coast of Korea.

"About four bells we made out a ship lying in an awful peculiar attitude, dead ahead. And then a little later we saw, first, that she was tilted up forward, with her after-part sunk down, like she was trying to climb a tree, which meant that she was on the rocks, next that she was a war-ship, and finally that she was a Britisher. Which satisfied me, for we had some ex-Limies on board that were always talking about their crack seamanship. (An English ship is smart, though, you can't deny.)

"Well, after we'd hove to as close alongside of her as we dared to get, and dropped anchor, our skipper issued a bulletin that wised us up a bit. She was the *New Bedford*, the British flagship, and she'd run on the reef early that morning while they were having speed tests in a slight fog. (A funny time to have speed tests, I thought.) They'd got everybody off safe and had removed all valuables and taken the breech-blocks out of the guns and abandoned her.

"Our cutter was lowered, and our officers went on board in a body to investigate the wreck; and when they came back they, and the seamen who had rowed them over, too, were loaded down with souvenirs and bric-à-brac, and fine plate with 'H. B. M.' stamped on it, and rich lace,

and so on and so forth. It was all right enough; they might as well have it as the Koreans, who would n't know what to do with it, any way; but it gave us fellows as did n't have a chance at it a hungry feeling.

"Now, we naturally expected to up-anchor immediate; but just as we were standing by the wireless began to sputter, and shortly a new bulletin was posted. It said that Shanghai had reported that a typhoon had passed that port some miles out at sea, headed north, right along our course, and that consequently we would lay where we were until morning. A typhoon is a tricky animal, and the *Rainbow* is an old craft, besides being Limie built, and we were n't taking any chances.

"No sooner had that bulletin been posted than ideas began to chase themselves around in my head. So I called Hicky Jones, who'd been my bunkie at Peking, and divulged them to him.

"'Besides,' I said, after other arguments, 'they tell me that when they boarded her this afternoon the admiral's cabin was flooded, 'count of it being high tide. And they tell me further that at time of the wreck the admiral was n't on board, being on another ship. Now, it'll be low tide to-night. And things might have been overlooked.'

"He agreed, and we separated until about six bells that night, when we met forward of the breakwater, on the forecastle. He was dressed in regulation under-drawers, and so was I, and we slid down the anchor-chain into the water without making hardly a ripple, and struck off for the *New Bedford*.

"It was a half-mile swim, about, and we were both pretty well tired when we got there. Then we cruised around quite a while before we managed to make a boarding, but we finally found a dangling rope and scrambled up the side.

"We made the upper deck and started aft, looking for the officers' quarters. We found the aft gangway, went below, struck one of the matches Hicky had carried in a water-tight case, and looked around.

"Believe me, it does make a man feel funny to walk through the fussy state-rooms and feel the soft rugs under his feet, and see the white beds the officers sleep in, while the men huddle together forward. And real bath-tubs on board a man-of-war! But I had n't ought to be saying this, and, besides, it's nothing to do with the story.

"Well, we tried the electric lights, but of course they would n't go; and we finally found a candle. Then we rummaged around for quite a while. We found plenty we'd like to have, but nothing we could carry with us, until we struck what we supposed was the admiral's cabin.

"It was bigger than the rest, that was our only reason for thinking so, that and the fact that everything was moved out. I suppose the admiral had given orders to that effect. Any way, nothing was left, except, over in one corner, an old bureau.

"We went over to it, wondering why it had n't been taken. We

found out when Hicky, who had a habit of hefting things, took hold of it and tried to lift it. It was fastened to the floor. They probably had n't had time to get it loose.

"The drawers were cleaned out, though, and we were just turning away from it when a crack between the upper and lower drawer caught my eye. I looked at it, and then yelled to Hicky to come back. For there was the outline of a little drawer that was evidently intended to be kept secret, for there was n't any handle, nor anything to mark it. But the soaking in salt water it had got had sprung the wood and showed it up.

"I tried to pry it open with a table knife which we borrowed from the wardroom, but there was nothing doing. So we had to go on top side and get a fire-axe. That turned the trick, after a deal of hammering.

"Hicky pulled it open. Inside the drawer was a little black box; and inside the little black box was——

"'Great Jehosaphat!' cries Hicky, his eyes near staring out of his head. 'We're rich, Tom, we're rich!'

"'Whoopee!' I yells, making a grab for the place my hat ought to be, to throw it into the air. 'Jumpin' Calithumpians! Rich! A home in Newport and a house in New York, steam yachts and automobiles and aeroplanes, man-servants and maid-servants, sea voyages and mountain climbing, hot birds and cold bottles——'

"For there, lying before us, was the finest collection of jewels you ever saw. Diamonds and rubies and emeralds and pearls and—but mostly diamonds. The candle light set them sparkling so that it fairly dazzled us.

"We quieted down at last, and started in to fingering them and estimating their value. And then, just as we'd settled on dividing them and tying them up so we could carry them——

"Biffo! Something landed on my back like a monkey. I whirled, just in time to catch another monkey-like creature in the solar plexus and put him down and out. But the cabin was half full of them, and Hicky was being rushed, too, and all of a sudden the candle was knocked to the floor and put out, and then it was a fight in the dark, with the Lord know how many native Koreans.

"Now, the Korean has the same idea of fighting as any other Chinaman, and that is to grab somewhere and hold on like grim death. When they're fighting with each other they naturally grab each other's pigtail and then it's a pulling match for fair; but with a white man they just attach themselves promiscuously, which makes them easy to handle singly, but mighty troublesome when they came in bunches, which they mostly do.

"I guess there was about ten holding onto various parts of my anatomy when they finally got me down, and when I commenced getting

a bunch of healthy kicks from the flat of a bare foot I knew that Hicky was down, too.

"Let up, Hicky," I gasped. "It's me you're kicking."

"They got you, too, Tom?" he wheezed. "Well, I guess it's all off, then."

"We quit fighting and lay quiet, while the Koreans squatted over us and on us, in various attitudes, and jabbered to each other, trying to settle, I suppose, what to do with us.

"At last they began to disengage themselves, gradual, from my frame, and just as I was meditating making another fight for it, I felt a rope trussed around my feet. Then my hands were twisted behind my back, and my wrists were tied. I was turned on my face, and ropes were passed around my waist and chest and nailed to the deck. Two hammers were going, so Hicky was probably being treated in the same way.

"After they'd tried the ropes again, to see that they were safe, they left. I tried to twist around on my side, but I could only move my head and shoulders. I strained at the ropes around my hands and feet, but they were hard and fast. Then—well, then I laughed, for Hicky had begun to speak.

"Hicky was what you might call a linguist. In cussing, I mean. He had been in pretty nearly every country in the world, and had learned the cuss words of all of 'em. And if there was one he did n't use that night I'd never heard it myself, and that's saying a lot.

"What's the matter, Hicky?" I asked, after I'd listened awhile.

"That started him off again, and I had another laugh. And then I thought of something that stopped my laughing as if I'd been choked.

"Hicky," I asked, "when does the tide turn?"

"For just a second or two, until my words had time to sink in, Hicky's flow of language kept up. Then it chopped off short. For about half a minute there was no sound but the gurgling of water somewhere.

"Lord, Tom, I never thought of that."

"Neither did I, Hicky, until just now."

"It has just about started to come up now, has n't it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And this cabin was flooded when they came on board to-day."

"So they said. All of the lower compartments aft."

"Then it'll be flooded again in a few hours?"

"I suppose so."

"And we'll be—drowned?"

"That's all I can see."

"Hicky did n't say anything more, and neither did I. All the noise there was was that gurgling of water. It was all imagination, of course, but I swear it sounded like the roaring of Niagara.

"More to drown the thoughts of it than anything else, I began to twist around in my ropes again. But they could n't have been any tighter or more secure if they'd been tied by an able seaman. I could hear Hicky doing the same thing, and he grunted as he twisted. But he'd left off swearing.

"After about ten minutes of this there came the sound I'd been dreading. It was a trickle of water close at hand. Hicky heard it, too, for he stopped as if he'd been shot.

"It's coming, Tom," he said.

"Yes," I answered. I was thankful for one thing: that I did n't have a coward or hysteric fool to die with. Hicky would die game; he might choke and sputter a little at the end, but that would be all.

"The trickling was getting louder; from the sound of it, it was coming through the open bulkhead that led into the cabin. I was so busy listening to it that I did n't notice anything else, until all of a sudden I came alive to the fact that my left foot was lying in a pool of water. And then I knew that it was n't going to last long.

"The vessel was tilted sideways-like, as well as fore and aft, so that was the way it came, creeping from our feet up. And by the time it reached midway around my waist I began to wish we'd been turned the other way around. For the slow move of it, every minute just a little higher—I tell you it was enough to get the nerve of the bravest man living.

"I wanted to do something, to say something, to hear something, to feel something—anything besides to lay there and feel that slow rise of water. But I set my teeth grimly; as long as Hicky could stand it, I would, without a whimper.

"It was just under the front of my shoulders now. In about ten minutes, as well as I could calculate time, it would be up to my face. I had a little freedom of motion there; I could throw my head back and so stave it off for a few minutes; but I made up my mind that, if it were possible, I'd hold my face to the deck. The sooner 't was over, the better.

"But it was hard waiting. I wanted to yell, to curse, to pray. I misdoubted but what I would in another minute. My nerve was going fast.

"All of a sudden there was a jar, no, a sort of a lurch, of the deck under us. And while we were wondering what it was, the lower part of it rose and the deck suddenly came level.

"I thought that was the end, for of course the water spread itself equally all over the deck. I forgot my resolve to die quiet and heaved my head as high out of water as I could, and choked and strangled.

"It was lucky I did, for in another minute I felt the water going down, and in another we were lying high and dry.

"'In the name of all the little fishes,' says Hicky, 'what was that?'

"And I asked the same question simultaneous.

"Naturally, neither of us had a reply ready. But my thoughts kept revolving themselves, and all of a sudden the answer came to me. 'Hicky,' I says, 'I bet this deck has "Overboard in action" tagged on it somewhere.'

"'Overboard in action"! What—— Oh, by George, you're right! I've read it somewhere, read that most English ships have their wooden decks laid in loose, so they can be heaved overboard in case of battle. Liable to cause fire or splinters or something, you know. And this is one of 'em. And it's floating.'

"'But the one above us is n't wood. It's steel, I noticed it while the candle was lit. And what's going to happen to us when this one rises so high that the two of 'em come together?'

"'Oh, the water may not rise that high,' says Hicky. 'And any way, that's a long time off. Let's take it as easy as possible until we get there.'

"And, if you'll believe me, that's what we did. We lay there and chewed the rag with each other as though we'd been lying in our bunks. Only, I could n't help wondering all the time how much clear space there was above us.

"We lay that way for hours—it seemed for days. But I knew that when daylight came we'd know it, if we lived that long, for there must be a ventilator over us. And, naturally, it would open on the top side.

"It came at last, slowly, while we kept twisting our heads around and trying to look up. At last it got light enough, and I got my head around far enough, so I could see the upper deck. It was about three feet above us. And by watching the side I could see that we were rising steady.

"I could see one other thing: that where the bureau had been there was nothing but a hole in the deck. It must have been built in the side; it was not intended to be 'overboard in action.' And no wonder, with all those jewels in it!

"Well, it did n't make much difference. We would simply float up until our bodies pressed against the deck above us and we could go no further. Then the water would creep in slowly, as it had done before, only this time there would be no hope of escape. Then we would drown. Only—of course it seemed foolish—but it seemed worse to drown cooped up so than it did when we were only bound to the deck. Maybe it was my nerve that was going.

"And then, as it grew lighter, I saw our chance.

"The deck above us was held up by big steel girders. They tapered down almost to an edge, like the ones on our own ships. And one ran directly above Hicky, and lengthwise of him.

"I kept still. There was no use rousing his hopes until I knew there was a chance. But I could n't keep my eyes off that girder. And Hicky saw me with my head always twisted in the same way, and then he saw it, too. We both watched it like cats, neither of us saying a word.

"It came closer, closer. It was two feet above Hicky's bound hands, now a foot, now six inches. And I twisted my head and watched it.

"Then it touched the ropes that bound his hands. And I opened my mouth for the first time since I'd seen it. 'Saw, Hicky, saw!' I yelled.

"And Hicky sawed! He strained himself upward and began rubbing the ropes against the girder. At first it was hard to press against it enough to do any good, but as the water raised, of course it brought him closer to it.

"I turned my eyes away; I swear I was afraid to look. But I could hear Hicky breathing hard and groaning now and then. And then, as we rose higher, I raised my own hands until they touched the deck above, and tried to hold down. Of course it did some good, but I could feel myself rising in spite of all I could do.

"Then the rasp of the rope against the girder suddenly stopped, and Hicky's breathing seemed to stop too. I groaned; had he given up? And then I heard a snap, and I knew it was the rope, and that his hands were free.

"When a man's life depends on it, believe me, he can work fast. Inside of half a minute Hicky had loosened the other ropes that bound him and wriggled free.

"Many a man at that would have made a break for the ventilator. It was no sure thing, or even probable, that if he stopped to get me loose he'd be able to get out himself, for the water was rising fast. But he crawled over to me, not even stopping to untie the ropes around his legs.

"It took him some time to set me free. When he did, the deck that we lay on was almost up to the lower edge of the girders. It was all we could do to force it down again, so we could crawl through between the two, and when we did the water came in and like to have strangled us. But we got to the ventilator at last.

"We crawled up through it, and fell over the side of it, and lay on the top side, in God's good air and sunlight, and laughed. Rolled over and over and laughed and laughed. Crazy? Well, I guess so.

"We were still laughing when the longboat came from the *Rainbow* and took us off. They'd missed us at quarters, and surmised where we'd gone.

"The jewels? The Koreans got 'em, of course. That was what made 'em jump us in the first place, I suppose. Any way, Hicky and I never went back to see. We could n't. The old man gave us five days for jumping ship, and when we got out of the brig we were in Shanghai."

GLORIA PEACE, THE RIDDLE

A NEW CHARCE AND ELLEN STORY

By *Augusta Kortrecht*

Author of "A Dixie Rose," etc.

THE day of all days in the house of Abercrombie was approaching. We had other festivals, of course—Christmas, when feasting was tempered by a touch of sanctity and early service; the Fourth of July, when uproarious noise was hushed only by the exploding of the last firecracker—but this day was different and far more precious. It was the anniversary of that last visit of the angel, when he had brought my little brother Charles! Sometimes we had a party, but this year the celebration was to be a round-trip up the river by the steamboat—the *palatial weekly* steamboat! On the very eve of our departure, Mother looked up with troubled face from a half-read letter.

"Oh, Mr. Abercrombie," she cried, "Edward Peace has to take Mildred somewhere for a week's rest, and she says *we* may borrow Gloria!"

Our old colored servant, who always listened disapprovingly to the white folk's breakfast talk, forestalled my father, and, putting down a jug of cream, took up the privilege of speaking.

"Dar you goes, Miss Alice," she complained—"dar you goes bitin' off more'n you kin chaw! You gwine land us in one dees lyah sanaquariums for crazy loomatics. De Good-Lord he'p de foolish!"

"But," urged Mother, not addressing Aunt Mandy, "Mildred was my dearest friend at school, and they are poor, and her letter has something sad about it. Besides, if the child gets here to-morrow morning, and the boat does n't start till noon——"

"If only the Court were not sitting at Jackson," reflected Father; "but as I can't go with you, dear——"

Courts were a nuisance! They were always sitting, sitting, sitting, somewhere, and they seemed unable to sit alone without my only, only father. I lost the next talk in absorption in this disappointment.

A telegram went off, however, and Charce and I spent an hour watching the wires than ran high above our street corner, in hope of catching a glimpse of the yellow paper on its way to Mrs. Peace; but we must have missed it somehow.

Next morning we were in a delicious ferment of travel fever, waiting only for the station 'bus to add Gloria to us, when that young person's mother arrived—alone—and in answer to questioning explained:

"Of course it would have been more natural to bring her with me, but you don't know Gloria. Yes, she's six now, and she's a riddle you must solve for us, Alice darling. When her father was detained, she elected to wait and come with him to-morrow."

There would not be another palatial steamboat for a whole long week! My mother's face took on a shadow, but not so much as an inflection of the voice betrayed the situation.

"The same dear funny Millie!" she said affectionately. "The same old trick of embroidering truth with exaggeration."

"No, really. I'm afraid to tell you."

"If she needs special breakfast food, or cream——" said Mother.

"She's as healthy as an Indian," groaned Mrs. Peace. "Being scared stiff about her lungs would be a treat in contrast. I wish you'd keep Gloria a year, and give me both of yours instead."

Mother kissed Charce, who was leaning against her, his great eyes swimming in unshed tears, and bade us go to the nursery; but I lingered near the door. I loved the talk of grown folk!

"Listen," said Mrs. Peace. "Do your children argue with you and prove that you are wrong? That's what Gloria does. She leads an honest, upright life, but it is n't the insipid life of a little, helpless child. Why, I have never seen her cry! We don't presume to offer her caresses!"

"Perhaps discipline——" began Mother, timidly, I thought.

"Punishment, you mean? Could I beat a baby because her father flew into a rage when she would n't kiss him? I did whip her lots of times, but she got the discipline, and I shed the tears—the only ones, remember—and I just could n't! Am I infallible and all her impulses wrong? So I've let her grow up according to the germs that were born within her."

Mother shook her head. "You are hiding the real pain with a bit of nonsense," she said. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"Well, Alice, if you sneaked out to visit the poor and gave away your mother's only muff, you would be called a saint on earth, even if you did accidentally bring home tonsillitis and various kinds of insects; and I can't explain to Gloria why her father spanked her for the same act of charity. The matter is that Edward declares he will

pack her off to boarding-school. He says if this is Christianity, he must insist on paganism, because it's cheaper. He wants the screws put on."

"And I am to be first to try the screws? A stranger to her? My dear Millie——"

"Oh, I'm ridiculous, of course; but the worry is ruining my health, and when I remembered that time Judge Abercrombie was about to send your Charce to camp—— Gloria's only six! I want you to make her be a baby! I want you to make her cry!"

This struck me as belonging rather to my own field of endeavor, and my eagerness betrayed me. I presented myself abruptly as a member of the committee on ways and means.

"I made Maribelle Mallory cry," I boasted, "twice. And Effie."

Mother was ashamed of me, but the visitor drew me to her and rubbed her nose against my cheek. Wherever Gloria might have got her peculiarities, her mother must have supplied her with buoyancy of spirit, for her eyes twinkled, although they were wet with tears.

"You droll chicken!" she called me. "Make Gloria boohoo as hard as ever you can. Only, I give you warning, she will find out your sore spots first, and stick them full of little pins."

"Millie!" said Mother, laughing despite herself. "To a child? Ellen will take that in a literal sense, and then——"

But Mother did not realize how I was growing. Why, I never took anything in literal senses any more unless Father said it!

In the privacy of the nursery, it was arranged that *the* day should simply be postponed, and that one week should be given up to entertainment of the dear little girl who was younger than ourselves and was on no account to discover that she had been a cause of inconvenience.

She came in time for breakfast, and proved indeed to be tiny. Her lithe body was poised on thin, short-socked legs, hard as wood and adorned with divers bruises. Her dark eyes were set close together, and sparkled with a light which seemed rather to illuminate outside objects for her amusement than to offer windows that the curious might peer into her soul. The pink bow atop her straight black hair hinted that Mrs. Peace clung pathetically to the doll-child type of beauty. Her usual expression would have graced a savage chief who had been taken captive and hung with white-squaw frippery. There was challenge in her every tone, and she proceeded at once to the driving in of pins.

"The boy is Charce," she said; "and you are Ellen, because Mamma said you would be awful fat, she reckoned. That's Alice pouring out the coffee, and the nice man—what's his name?"

She was speaking of our parents! Charce was sensitive to ugliness,

whether of the spirit or of the flesh, and he cast a look of unutterable horror on the stranger.

"You must not talk like that," said Mother. "I am your *Aunt Alice*, dear, and the *gentleman* is your Uncle Charles."

Gloria examined her proffered relatives with glittering eyes, and finally sighed. "All right," she acquiesced, with the patience of one who yields a point. "What makes Charce always get the first hot waffle, while me and Ellen waits?"

Now, this opened a brand-new question in our family. Why, indeed, was my brother served before his sister, when "ladies first" was said to be the law? Mother actually flushed.

"Because he is younger, and it is customary for the youngest——"

"Oh!" said Gloria. There was silence while she studied Charce with an unblinking stare of disinterested curiosity. Then she added: "I'm younger than all of you-all put together. It's because he would howl if he did n't get it."

"I'm a big boy," protested my brother, with trembling lip; but Gloria was not deceived. His attributes were those of soul, and not of lusty body. Mother and I both smiled reassurance at him, and were relieved when the tormentor found new quarry.

"Can Uncle Charles guess riddles?" she demanded. "Papa says I'm one, and the answer is, a bitter chocolate drop. What kind of a piece is—a Gloria Peace?"

The smile that flashed across her sombre face was like a fitting sunbeam over the gray of a gloomy day; and Father, who had risen to go, stopped beside her chair. It might be true that the wicked shook before their judge, but never was a child in our house whose heart did not quicken to keep tune with his! He touched her forehead lightly and gave her a smile for hers.

"I know the sure-enough answer," he said: "a Gloria Peace is the piece I'd take if they baked her in a pie;" and therewith was spun the golden thread that was to solve the riddle truly.

Mother was rather careful about serving the guest first at the midday meal, but it appeared that Gloria's thoughts had soared to higher things than food. She had studied us all morning, and now sought light on the phenomena she had noted.

"Who made Charce, any way?" she asked.

Mother hesitated and regarded the questioner more as one would a large stick of dynamite than a baby girl.

"My dear," she said then, "don't you remember that God made us all, and the beautiful sun, and——"

"I did n't ask about the sun," said Gloria. "Did God make all the boys?"

Aunt Mandy took the field of combat, now plunged into theological

skirmish. "Huh!" she grunted. "He create de juss an' de unjuss, an' He likewise make de rain to wet 'em!"

Gloria screwed about to face this new expounder of fundamentals.

"Why did n't He make 'em big and brave?" she asked eagerly. "If He's the only one can make boys, what's the use making any of 'em 'fraid-cats like——"

Mother's mouth had closed in a tight, straight line, but she opened it hastily to interrupt.

"Eat your luncheon, Gloria," she said. "We will talk about that some other time; perhaps to-night, when children say their prayers."

"When do you say your prayers?" asked Gloria, studying her hostess gravely; but without waiting for answer went on to fresh investigation.

"How far away's the river?" she demanded.

Mother's face took on a look of genuine distress this time, for one of my little brothers had been drowned in the deep brown Mississippi just before the angel took him back to Heaven; but again it was brave Aunt Mandy to the rescue.

"You listen hyah, Gloria-Peace," she laid down the law: "ef you so much as *smells* toward dat river, I lay I'll make you sorry. De Good-Lord loveth a chile what fears de devil wid his spiked tail, an' you better not fool wid *me*!"

Perhaps fear of the evil one was an unknown sensation to Gloria, but a sudden terror of the Good-Lord's agent made her lip quiver and drove a scared look into her eyes. She glanced from one to the other of us, and received only anxious glances in reply. She cowered just the least bit as she went back mutely to her luncheon.

It seems incredible that there were only seven days of that visit. Gloria arose each morning before any one else had stirred, putting on her frock hind-part-before, that she might button it herself; and she never came to voluntary pause until sleep felled her in her tracks just after supper. There was nothing so high nor so low in the world abstract nor in the world concrete that she did not touch upon. Her mind and body were equally agile. She shed her adornments, and went from the dizzy swing-top down into the bowels of the earth, unsocked, unshod, and unberibboned. Yet she never disobeyed the law, once it was put into words. She picked unerringly our tenderest spots and pierced them by criticism, and there was nothing tangible to convict her of sin or make her own remorse. Aunt Mandy might have brought matters to a climax sooner, but that she was too fat to catch her prey!

The old woman's hour came at last, however. Gloria had smuggled the cook's yellow offspring into the house, and was superintending their ablutions in the bath-tub when authority came upon her and

haled her—a squirming little creature, wet to the skin and fiercely defiant—into the presence of my mother, ignominiously to dress her there afresh.

“Don’t you please me no pleases, Miss Alice.” We heard the warning blended with sound of dragging and puffing and resisting before the pair appeared. “Now I *got* her, an’ maybe next time I ain’t. I gwine dry her off right good, and den I reckon I’ll dess tie her in de bed an’ feed her dar ontwel her po’ afflictuated maw come an’ fotch her home, an’ joy go wid ’em!”

Mother sighed. She was not used to riddles, for even I—her chiefest problem—was easily melted if one knew how.

“Let Gloria come here,” she said sadly. “She is going to stand beside me until she’s sorry——”

The culprit’s head lifted as if for battle, and her black eyes blazed. Her lip trembled, though she strove to keep it in check.

“It’s the one that’s bad gets sorry,” she cried. “If I was stingy with an old bath-tub, when other folks is hot and dirty, then I’d be sorry! You just want to kiss Charce, and kiss him, and kiss him!”

“Let Gloria come here,” repeated Mother; and Aunt Mandy let go her hold, groaning protests all the while; but the captive, instead of accepting the invitation to await contrition, darted through the door to the upstairs balcony, climbed the railing like a cat, and disappeared. We ran out, gasping, but she was wriggling her way safely down the trellised vine, a route untravelled since the visits of Charley-fom-the-Orphum-House. When she looked up from the garden it was to inquire triumphantly:

“What kind of a piece is—a Gloria Peace?”

Aunt Mandy so far forgot herself as to hang over the railing and answer the riddle with a cry of thwarted rage. “A big chunk er trouble!” she offered as solution. “Tell her paw to ax ole Mandy whar to send her! Send her to de jail! Dat’s de onliest place kin conquer her! Thank Gawd to-morrow’s Sat’d day!”

“To-morrow is Saturday,” said Mother. Did her gentle face show just the least sign of clearing?

“When the palatial steamboat goes,” said Charce.

“When Father’s coming home,” I added.

“Listen,” said Mother, a new thrill in her voice, and her face touched with that radiance we all loved to see. “This is the last day we shall have Gloria with us, and——”

“No,” said Charce, and “No,” I supported him. We knew the throb of voice that intended asking sacrifice. But Mother was not to be denied.

“Gloria is such a *little* girl,” she pleaded; “and to-morrow comes so soon.”

"What's 'palatial' mean?" asked Charce irrelevantly.

"Father can go, too," I said, "if the old Court stands up."

"So much happiness is given us," finished Mother. "Don't you remember Mrs. Peace——"

All at once a memory came, though probably not the one she meant to summon. Mrs. Peace had invited me to make her daughter cry! I would bring about that thing! There was yet an afternoon in which to do it. I took my brother's hand and led him down to the side porch, where we found our guest picking blossoms from the jessamine. We joined her and began quietly adding to her store, but I was searching a vulnerable spot for onslaught. I was stout and slow, and Gloria was wiry and lithe. Perhaps the strain of the week just past had told on her as it had on us; perhaps some intuition told her my determination. At any rate, for the first time she resorted to physical attack. She threw the blossoms I had given her upon the ground; then snatched the sun-hat from off my head and tossed it as high as she could into the tangled vines above.

"You're a big, big boy," she taunted, wheeling upon Charce. "Climb up and get it if you're big."

Charce wavered, but took a resolution quickly. Since he had won a battle with another boy in my behalf, he allowed no hurt to touch me unavenged.

"Make her hush, Ellen," he commanded; and in the same breath he had gripped the trellis and was pulling himself up. Gloria grew tense for one instant, then she laughed uneasily and called him back.

"Don't go," she begged. "I was only fooling. Don't you know I'm always fooling——"

The outcry startled him, and his face bent downward. There was a blurred sense of something falling, impeded but not prevented by the vine, and he lay white and motionless at our feet. Gloria leaned over him, the smile stiffening upon her lips, but—years of Christian teaching wiped out by old, old elemental passion—I beat her savagely away.

I scratched her cheek! I slapped her face! I blurted out the secret we were pledged as hosts to guard from her!

"We did n't want you to come to our house!" I panted. "You spoiled our birthday on the palatial steamboat, and now the angel will come and carry Charce to Heaven!"

She shrank from my denunciation, but there was no sign of tears upon her rigid little face. Mother, however, gathering my brother into her arms, shook with sobs that echoed in my heart. How often in childish tragedies had Mother stopped my bleeding! I clutched at memory for the vital word of healing. I had it! I had had it offered me so many, many times!

"Don't cry, Mother," I wept, clinging to her skirts. "You must mortify your weakness!"

But I do not think she heard me. She was murmuring prayers, first to her baby, then to the Good-Lord who had given him to her, and all else was forgotten.

The doctor came, and after a miserable waiting the balm he brought reached me through Aunt Mandy. If Charce had climbed a few feet more and had got one of those terrible fractious corn-cussions, which nobody knew why and how he did n't, then Gloria would do well to hide herself and disappear!

It developed a little later that Gloria had already done one or both of these very things! A search of the premises from attic to cellar failed to uncover her. I wandered forlornly out under the magnolia trees. Darkness was falling, and the fragrant air was full of fireflies. While I watched them flutter in and out of the tangled jessamine, I caught a flash of white high up above. It was something alive! I went nearer and peered up through the gathering dusk. It was Gloria Peace, clinging there aloft, hiding from a world which she had outraged.

Ugly hatred had been in my heart. Now I was swept by a passionate reliving of a moment when I was sorry I had been very, very bad. The accumulation of all other sorrow hath no sting like this: to have brought wanton pain to those you love. For it dawned surely into my consciousness that, despite her wilful pretending, Gloria loved us! More than once during this week of trial her smile had flashed the magic signal from behind that solemn mask she wore, and we had been too much engrossed in self to see! It was given me now to understand a miracle, and my bitterness melted.

"Gloria!" I called. "Come down. It's fried chicken for supper."

She stirred a little, but gave no answer. Aunt Mandy, returning from a vain hunt through the neighbors' houses, took my labor from me.

"Climb down, honey," she begged, and her voice had become quite gentle. "You ain't nothin' but a baby nohow! Come down whar Aunt Mandy kin lif' you out."

Mother appeared on the porch, helping a small figure with one arm tied across its breast. I was almost afraid she would require the sinner to admit her guilt in public, but Mother's voice was strangely tender.

"Come down, darling, very carefully," she said. She meant Gloria this time, not my brother Charce! "Come down, won't you?"

But we had not earned her trust. She leaned forward and peeped shyly through the twilight, and then shrank back again. Mother and Aunt Mandy took counsel together as to how best to get her.

If she were startled by some one ascending, it seemed, she might let go her hold. She was up much higher than Charce had climbed. If some one tried from the balcony above——

A new sound diverted my attention. It was a peculiar sound, indescribably pathetic. It was the sound of weeping, and it came from out the jessamine vines. Not screams nor tantrums nor anything like that; but the inarticulate grief of a naughty heart discovered to itself. I strained my ears to listen, and then a step touched the flagged walk, and Father had come home. He must have left the Court still sitting!

"How's the—boy?" he called. I had never heard that sharp note of fear from him before. "Alice, Alice, is he——"

The question broke with a sort of catch, but it took only a minute to carry my brother into the lighted hall and to examine him for reassurance and thanksgiving. When they came back, Father spoke with his whimsical drawl.

"A great husky boy," he said cheerfully. "It's a good thing to break an arm sometimes. What kind of a piece is that up there?" But there were only sobs for answer.

"If that's a Gloria Peace," said Father, "I want it down where I can see it."

The sobs ceased, and the speck crept a little closer to us.

Father had stepped up on the rustic bench that was half hidden in the green stuff. "What kind of a piece is a Gloria Peace?" he asked. Then his strong arms reached out and took the tiny sinner—repentant, desperately forlorn and weary—into safe-keeping.

As we trooped into the house behind him, I heard him say to Mother:

"It's a pity stupid men and women have to tamper with such gossamer as the souls of little children. We learn more lessons than we teach. Tell Mr. Peace the world is going to discipline her. His part will be to stand by through thick and thin and help the mother bind up Gloria's wounds."



HOW CONGRESS SQUANDERS OUR MONEY

By Hubert Bruce Fuller

III.—OUR RAPIDLY INCREASING APPROPRIATIONS AND THEIR REMEDY

THE fifty-first Congress, which adjourned March 4, 1891, appropriated one billion dollars. The country gasped in astonishment and indignation. To the criticism, Speaker Thomas B. Reed, in his characteristic manner, replied, "This is a billion dollar country." The people were not satisfied with this answer, and the next Congress was overwhelmingly Democratic.

The sixty-first Congress, which closed March 4, 1911, appropriated during its third session alone \$1,026,682,881. Within twenty years our annual appropriations have doubled. Now and then a solitary voice protests, but from all sides come demands for further appropriations, more generous pensions, the purchase of forest reserves, federal aid for building roads, the establishment of additional bureaus, and new lines of federal activity.

The first appropriation bill passed by Congress became a law September 27, 1799. It contained only twelve and a half lines, and provided for but four items of expenditure—the civil list, the War Department, invalid pensions, and warrants issued by the late board of the treasury. The second appropriation bill contained something less than two pages. The act of 1795 contained rather less than three pages. To illustrate the specific method of providing for the necessary expenses of government in these earlier bills, I quote a characteristic item from the appropriation bill of 1795:

For the expense of firewood and candles for the several offices of the Treasury Department, except the Treasurer's office, \$1,500.

The average annual expenditure in the United States during the first decade of our existence, 1790 to 1800, was \$6,835,000; while we are now spending over a billion dollars in a single year. Each succeeding decade was marked by an increase in appropriations, but the ratio

for a time was consistent with the normal growth of the country. The annual average in the decade ending in 1860 was only \$60,000,000, which is considerably less than one-half the amount now spent each year on the navy alone. In the following decade, the Civil War caused an enormous increase in our appropriation bills. During this struggle—the most terrible war of modern times—the government created and supported a navy and kept in the field from two to five armies, aggregating in all over two and a half million enlistments—under these conditions it was forced to meet an average annual expenditure of \$530,000,000, yet in the current year, in an era of profound peace, the United States is spending for its military and naval establishments and for pensions \$380,131,824. During that period the people came to think in enormous figures, and after the war, with the public mind reconciled to the idea of huge annual budgets and with the enormous interest charges upon the public debt, the annual expenses continued at a high level. The average expenditure for the decade from 1871 to 1880 was \$261,530,000 a year, and from 1881 to 1890, \$268,415,000. The next decade shows a marked increase. From 1891 to 1900 it reached the average of \$407,205,000.

The entire net expenses of the government for the first seventy-two years of its history, from March 4, 1789, to June 30, 1861, were \$1,581,706,195.34. During this period we acquired Louisiana, Florida, the Northwest Territory, the Gadsden Purchase, and fought the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the countless Indian wars, besides the war with the Barbary powers and our desultory conflict with France. In the year 1911 alone Congress appropriated about two-thirds as much as the amount required to conduct the government during these first seventy-two years.

The total expense of our government from 1789 to the beginning of the Mexican War was only a billion dollars—less than the appropriations now made annually.

In only one year prior to 1909 have our expenses exceeded a billion dollars. In 1865, with three hundred and fifty thousand men under arms in the field and with millions of dollars necessary for the purchase of military and naval supplies, the expenses of the country were \$1,394,655,448; and of this sum \$1,030,690,400 was for the maintenance of the army.

The total expenditures during the years of the Civil War, 1862 to 1865, were \$3,394,830,931. In the years 1906 to 1909, inclusive, they were \$3,482,809,371. That is to say, during these four years we expended \$87,978,440 more than was expended during the four years of the Civil War.

There are many causes for this enormous growth of expenditures. For example, we have to appropriate for an increasing population. But

the explanation is to be found in other lines than the development of the country and the growth of population. A normal increase of expenditures in an even ratio is to be expected. In the period from 1791 to 1796 the per capita expenditure was \$1.34. In 1891 it was \$7.92, and in 1911 it reached \$11.05.

There are certain features of our system of making and controlling appropriations that encourages looseness and extravagance. The framers of our constitution sought in all matters to prevent the encroachment of the executive upon the legislative branch of the government. Under our system, the Secretary of the Treasury merely makes up and transmits to Congress the estimates which are compiled by the other members of the cabinet, over whom he exercises no control. The estimates for each department are prepared without any reference to the estimates submitted by the heads of the other departments, and without any reference to the estimated revenues for the fiscal year for which the expenditures are to be made. Here we have that lack of unity and the absence of that degree of supervision and control vested in the executive department which prevails in almost all first-class countries. Our Secretary of the Treasury has none of the authority vested in the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. In England the estimates are made by the ministry and presented to Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after he has carefully revised the estimates of the respective departments.

In our House of Representatives there is no correlation between the committee which recommends and reports measures for raising the national revenue, and the committees which prepare the appropriation bills. The lack of careful consideration of the balance between receipts and expenditures is a great incentive to national extravagance.

At present all bills to raise revenue originate in the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. This committee was originally composed of one member from each State in the Union. But in 1802 this was abandoned and the members of the committee were selected at large. The Committee on Ways and Means originally not only presented all bills for raising revenue, but it also prepared all appropriation measures. In 1865 Thaddeus Stevens, a giant in intellect, but of weak physique, was chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee. To relieve this committee of the added work occasioned by the Civil War, a new committee was organized—the Committee on Appropriations—to take charge of all expenditures. Here for the first time we have one committee to raise money and another to disburse it. We began there to lose that check of the one upon the other—the income upon the expenses—which is so essential to an economical administration of government.

For twenty years all bills for disbursing money were handled by

the Committee on Appropriations. At length, in 1885, a portion of these bills were taken away from the Committee on Appropriations, leaving to that committee only those bills disbursing money for maintaining the general functions of government. To-day the jurisdiction over appropriation bills is parcelled out among eight committees of the House. The Committee on Agriculture has charge of the agricultural appropriation bill; the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of the diplomatic and consular bill; the Committee on Indian Affairs, of the Indian appropriation bill; the Committee on Military Affairs, of the army and the military appropriation bill; the Naval Committee, of the naval appropriation bill; the Committee on Post-Offices, of the postal appropriation bill; the River and Harbor Committee, of river and harbor appropriations. All other appropriation bills are under the control of the Committee on Appropriations.

Each committee is independent of the others, and is at the same time the partisan of the Department for which it recommends appropriations. In his work on the cost of government, Professor Henry Jones Ford says:

It is the inclination of each of the special appropriation committees to resist any diminution of its share of the whole amount appropriated. Each strives to get as much as it can for the public service under its supervision. Thus there is a powerful combination of influence in favor of lavish expenditure, and there is absolutely no organized agency of control by which these expenditures under various heads may be coördinated and adjusted to income. Chairman Tawney says, "In my judgment this is one of the chief causes for the rapid increase in our appropriations for public expenditures."

This utter lack of harmony in Congress between the raising and the expending of public money is estimated to cost the government not less than \$50,000,000 a year.

Another fundamental error in our method of making appropriations is that two separate and coördinate legislative bodies—the House and the Senate—have equal authority over these bills. While the bills originate in the House, the Senate has the right of amendment. In England the House of Lords has no power to amend appropriation bills.

Each body of Congress has its own standards and ideas. For example, amendments to the river and harbor bills, presented and defeated in the House, are frequently adopted by the Senate and insisted upon in conference. A few years ago the sentiment in the House favored the enlargement of the navy by building additional battle-ships. The Senate advocated protected cruisers. Each body insisted upon its stand, with the result that by way of compromise both types of vessels were included and the naval appropriation bill greatly increased.

May 25, 1908, Senator Burton, of Ohio, then a member of the House of Representatives, discussed this phase of our appropriations in the following language:

I want to give due credit to the members of the House Committee on Appropriations for what they have done in seeking to secure economy in expenditures. What is the reason why we are deploring extravagance? The main reason is the system under which we are working, a system under which one House, charged originally with all responsibility for initiating and passing measures for raising the revenue and disbursing it, must submit their measures to another House that has unlimited authority to make additions and has added \$73,400,000 to the regular appropriation bills at this session. This is the evil in the system, that another House, with different ideas and more readily reached by those who represent local or special interests, has unlimited right to add to all appropriation bills any amount its members choose.

The criticisms thus far have been aimed at the extravagance inspired by our method of framing appropriation bills. Scarcely less suggestive of extravagance is our method of enacting them. Appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars are given but scant consideration on the floors of Congress. Bills appropriating a hundred and fifty millions for pensions go through with but an hour of debate. This condition is intensified in the closing days of a session of Congress. Friday, March 3, 1911, the Senate, after a debate of three hours, passed the sundry civil appropriation bill. This bill carried \$142,265,044. Two hours sufficed for passing the pension appropriation bill, carrying \$153,682,000. After a short debate on March 3, the Senate passed the post-office appropriation bill, aggregating \$259,134,463. Then without debate the conference report of the fortification appropriation bill of \$5,473,707 was adopted. In nine hours \$555,081,507 had been appropriated from the United States treasury. Saving time was the one object. Any and all amendments, however indefensible, were adopted without objection. A protest would have invited a speech by the proponent of the item, and that would mean the defeat of the bill. Every man who wished to grab something from the treasury had but to reach forth his hand, and there was no one to stay it. Scarcely any one could be familiar with the details of these bills, nor could any intelligent effort be made to promote economy. Is it any wonder that ours is the costliest government in the world?

Caucus agreements of the members of the dominant party to pass certain bills as party measures often cause individual Congressmen to vote for appropriations which they regard as extravagant and unwarranted. This evil is intensified by the growing disposition of Congress to pass omnibus bills which contain an admixture of meritorious and indefensible items.

The federal system of indirect taxation promotes all manner of extravagant demands upon the treasury. Every member of a State legislature or of a city council knows that any increase in appropriations, no matter how worthy the purpose, means a corresponding increase in the direct taxes levied upon the people. The people carefully scrutinize their tax bills, and are quick to dismiss from power those whose votes have added to the burden. The result is that many lines of activity belonging properly to the States or local communities are neglected and efforts are made to transfer them to the federal government through the people's representatives in Congress. The federal taxes, being indirect, are not immediately felt by the people, even though the burden falls upon them as certainly as do the local taxes. Probably the most conspicuous example of the effort to foist upon the government the cost of undertaking what ought to be a local or State burden is the movement for the national building of good roads. Here a State which has expended millions for its own roads will be called upon to assist another State which has habitually neglected its roads and within whose confines there may not be a single mile of standard highway.

In these activities we see the almost complete obliteration of State lines and the rapid eclipse of the doctrine of State's rights. A few instances of this mendicancy of the different States are of interest in illustrating the increasing scope of our national activities and the resultant demand for additional expenditures. Among them may be mentioned: federal inquiry into the conditions surrounding woman and child labor; inspection of cattle; the federal investigation of the soils of different States, in which the national government has no interest; the making of topographic and geological survey of States in which the government has no holdings; the making of topographic surveys of different cities and counties; the free testing of coal and of building materials, etc. Moreover, this transfer of functions from local or State to the federal authority does not appear to mark any decrease in the cost of local government, though it adds millions annually to the cost of the national government.

Apart from this tendency to transfer purely State obligations to the national government, we are to-day spending enormous sums for purposes which would not have been countenanced fifty years ago. For example, in the last Congress the following appropriations were made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912: \$50,000 was appropriated for magnetic observations; \$310,000 for the investigation of mine explosions; \$135,000 for testing fuels; \$2,525,000 for enforcing laws relating to the immigration of aliens; \$720,000 for the support of agricultural experiment stations; \$100,000 for the investigation of irrigation; \$100,000 for drainage investigation; \$375,000 for printing for

the Department of Commerce and Labor; \$470,000 for printing for the Department of Agriculture, which includes \$125,000 for farmers' bulletins; \$650,000 for timber depredations, protecting public lands, and swamp-land claims; \$592,700 for inspection and quarantine work among cattle; \$250,000 for research work in investigating cattle-ticks; \$350,000 for study of the cotton-boll weevil; \$142,920 to encourage improved methods of farm management.

The result of this increasing scope of national activities is a tendency to looseness and extravagance in our appropriation bills. The people come to look upon the federal treasury as an inexhaustible treasure mine upon which the withdrawal even of hundreds of millions of dollars can impose no burdens. In short, the people are rapidly losing the sense of financial responsibility. As long ago as April 10, 1909, Senator Aldrich, in a speech before the Senate, said:

From an investigation more or less superficial, I am myself satisfied that the appropriations made last year could have been reduced at least \$50,000,000 without impairing the efficiency of the public service. There are periods in the life of a nation when the spirit of extravagance pervades the atmosphere and the public money is scattered right and left, often without reference to the results to be secured. I hope and expect to see a radical reform in this direction.

Discussing this same general tendency in the House of Representatives on December 12, 1911, Honorable John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, said:

The growth of our federal expenditures is justly causing alarm throughout the country. This is an era of extravagance. In nation, in States, and in the many municipalities of the land, the unchecked growth of expenses from the extension of governmental activities is heaping up monumental burdens more oppressive to the people than the universal military burdens of Europe. If relief is to come, it can come only as the result of heroic effort. There are sacrifices to be demanded in peace from the people in nowise less burdensome than those resulting from war. Retrenchment and economy will not result merely from idle phrases. There must be earnest work done to effect any reform. Through the land there is a wide-spread demand for increased expenditures for many objects, some legitimately within the proper province of federal activities, many borne from a desire to shift burdens to the federal treasury that properly belong elsewhere. It will take resolution and courage successfully to resist these demands.

No amount of investigation by economy commissions can touch the real source of the trouble. That lies with Congress. Public sentiment, however, can reach the evil. On the whole, the demand is not so much that arbitrary reductions should be made in our appropriation bills, as

that the largest possible results should be secured for a given expenditure.

One of the most efficacious reforms would be to confer upon the Secretary of the Treasury the powers now enjoyed by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. We should then have a proper harmony in our official estimates.

To quote from the message of President Taft of January 17 last:

The United States is the only great nation whose government is operated without a budget. This fact seems to be more striking when it is considered that budgets and budget procedures are the outgrowth of democratic doctrines and have had an important part in the development of modern constitutional rights. The American commonwealth has suffered much from irresponsibility on the part of its governing agencies. The constitutional purpose of a budget is to make government responsive to public opinion and responsible for its acts. . . .

Furthermore, each person interested should have laid before him a clear, well digested statement showing in detail whether moneys appropriated have been economically spent and whether each division or office has been efficiently run. This is the information which should be available each year in the form of a budget and in detailed accounts and reports supporting the budget.

January 23 last, Senator Burton, of Ohio, introduced in the Senate a resolution to create a Committee on Public Expenditures, to be composed of the chairmen of the various committees which control appropriation bills, for the purpose of exercising general supervision over these measures. With the opening of each session of Congress, this committee should examine the estimates and determine approximately the amounts which each appropriation bill should carry.

As a final step, by constitutional amendment permit the President to veto separate items in appropriation bills. This power would do more than anything else to drive out of Congress the extravagant evil of log-rolling. Each item would thus be forced to stand or fall upon its individual merits. Indefensible portions of river and harbor and public-building bills could be eliminated by a stroke of the executive pen.

Senator Burton, a staunch advocate of federal economy, has declared that such a constitutional amendment would go far in reducing our national expenditures. He says:

Such an amendment would relieve the President of the embarrassment of being forced to sign measures containing indefensible items, without endangering the success of other items carrying appropriations necessary for the proper conduct of the government.

In 1910 Congress passed the last general river and harbor bill. Along with provisions for meritorious projects were appropriations for items which were manifestly unwarranted. The President was strongly tempted to veto the bill because of the prevalence of these items and the large number of piecemeal appropriations which it contained. However, to have done so would have defeated the projects whose completion was imperative. After long consideration, the President signed the measure, but at the same time he forwarded to Congress a protest against bills of that character. In this message President Taft said:

The projects under way are in urgent need of further appropriation for maintenance and continuance, and there is great and justified pressure for many of the new projects provided for by the bill. It has been made clear to me that the failure of the bill thus late in the session would seriously embarrass the constructing engineers. I do not think, therefore, the defects of the bill which I have pointed out will justify the postponement of all this important work; but I do think that in the preparation of the proposed future yearly bills Congress should adopt the reforms above suggested, and that a failure to do so would justify withholding executive approval, even though a river and harbor bill fail.

This power to veto the different items of appropriation bills is possessed by the governors of many of our States and interposes a most salutary check upon the natural tendency to legislative extravagance.

Along these lines we must look for any effective reform in our national expenditures. The present system puts a premium upon extravagance and encourages ill-considered drafts upon the public treasury.



MNEMOSYNE

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

YOU said the clouds formed letters in the sky,
 And twined my name with yours—that every sigh
 The wind breathed round us told your love for me,
 And all of life seemed golden ecstasy
 That summer day of—centuries ago.
 Ah, dear, I loved you so!

But now, when summer skies are deeply blue,
 I struggle to forget that ever you
 And I were lovers, yet there comes a space
 Where in the moment's void I see your face.
 Through barriered years your voice thrills, sad and low—
 Ah, dear, I love you so!

TARES AND WHEAT AT THE VICARAGE

By Mary Davoren Chambers

AFTER the death of the old Vicar, "Father Tom," as the second curate of Ardalaun was privately called by most of his flock, was regarded by them as already invested with his office, and the need of such a mere formality as his appointment by the Bishop was ignored as non-essential.

Throughout the diocese Ardalaun bore the stigma of being a difficult parish to handle, and the wish of the people that one of their curates "be med the Vicar, an' not any sthranger an' furriner from maybe forty mile away" had already been acceded to by His Lordship. Since the senior curate, Father Lysaght, was a reserved and scholarly man who had always shunned intimacy with publicans and sinners, it was popularly assumed that he was ineligible; and the beloved "Father Tom," or the Reverend Thomas Ronan, with his gray head, his young face, and his boyish enthusiasm and vigor, was, in the hearts of the people, of his "calling and election sure."

Years ago, when the town was much in need of the means of grace, he had spent himself in its redemption with an enthusiastic consecration. Now his influence was unbounded, and he loved the place and its people so much that he had more than once refused an offer of promotion which called him to another parish.

A touch of something not unlike assurance had been perceptible in Father Ronan's bearing during the past few weeks, as he walked up and down outside the church on pleasant mornings, wearing a fine silk biretta and a closely buttoned cassock of uncommonly smart cut. Patsy Carney, the local jester, used to assume his richest brogue as he declared in affectionate irony:

"Sure, he got the pattrern uv it off uv His Holiness the Pope."

But no trace of arrogance was present when, at the solemn church functions, Father Ronan, arrayed in purple vestments, intoned the "*Pater noster, qui es in coelis*"—then the tender minor notes were full of humility and love. It came as near to the spiritual as the sensuous can come. It was bewilderingly sweet.

One morning, at the eight o'clock Mass, it was noticed that Father

Ronan's Celebration had unusual solemnity. His "*Quare tristis es, anima mea, et quare conturbus me?*" rang through the church in self-accusation. "Praising I will call upon the Lord, and be saved from mine enemies," was uttered in supplication rather than with the usual triumphant confidence, and the "*Sursum corda*" did not come from an uplifted heart.

As the congregation left the church the rumor quickly spread among them that Father Lysaght, the senior curate, had received from the Bishop the appointment to the vicarage of Ardalaun.

To Father Lysaght, the surprise of this appointment brought with it a shock of dismay. Since the death of the Vicar, he had withdrawn as much as possible from the activities of the parish—not fully conscious of his bitterness at finding himself shut out from the warmth of intimacy accorded to Father Ronan. Between these two men, the thinker and the doer, there had never been more than a semblance of friendship. Now, while his own inefficiency for the office thrust upon him smote Father Lysaght with dismay, his greatest concern was regarding the incalculable effect of the Bishop's decision upon Father Tom—Father Tom, with his enjoyment of the exercise of a beneficent authority; with his quick impulses, his never-yielding obstinacy, his occasional extraordinary pliancy!

Breakfast at the vicarage that morning was something of a funeral feast. Father Lysaght was embarrassed and self-conscious, feeling half-apologetic, and wholly resentful of the feeling. Father Ronan was unable to control the inward turmoil whose outward manifestation was an offensive politeness in the matter of passing the toast and eggs. Father Daley, a young curate lately appointed to the parish, a rosy-faced and boyish youth with very keen blue eyes and a temperament like a feather-bed, was apparently as unmoved as a child by the tense atmosphere, and kept up a running monologue in the racy Tipperary brogue which he ostentatiously cherished—this was the only relief from the gloom of the function.

Late that afternoon Father Daley sat at the window as Father Lysaght returned from one of the restless errands which had filled his day. His coat-tails flapped as he strode up the walk to the vicarage, his lanky figure was jerky with nervous tension. Father Daley opened the door of his own cosy den, and the tired man entered and dropped into the big chair the young priest wheeled toward him. As his rigid face relaxed in the restful atmosphere, the curate silently fetched a pipe, lighted it, and presented it to his elder, remarking to himself as the other shut his eyes and puffed languidly, "He'll do, now."

But not until one pipeful of cut Cavendish was finished and another begun did the young man speak.

"'T is greatly plazed Father Ronan do be, sor, for you to be Vicar of Ardalaun."

The other started—was this irony?

"'T is God's thruth, Father," said the curate earnestly. "'T is meself was spakin' to him awhile ago."

"I—I'm afraid I have n't done him justice. I—I thought—perhaps—" stammered Father Lysaght, taking the pipe from his lips, hope born in his eyes.

"Yes, umshure, and he partly owned up to me that he did n't feel just himself at the first hearin' of the news, but he says, says he, that 't is himself do be too impulsive, and too sthrong in his likes and dislikes, to be head here in this town where he's so well known."

"Faith, 't is thruth I'm tellin' you, sor," continued the curate, with perfect assurance, in reply to the flash of astonishment—almost incredulity—from his new Vicar. "I wint up to his room awhile back for the lind of a book—more-be-token, there 't is before ye"—as the genius of improvisation demanded time for artistic creation—"Liguori's '*Theologia Moralis*,' and Father Ronan said that 't was yourself, sor, had the grand judgment entirely; 'the sane judgment,' was what he said, 'and the spiritual consecration, and the freedom from self-seekin', and that 't was God's choice, for sure, for you to be Vicar."

"Ah!" exclaimed the unsuspecting Father Lysaght, his face aglow, his eyes wet, "this is like his generosity! This is the secret of his power. Tom Ronan could always see the best in a man—could see it *into* him, even where it did not exist. The fine fellow!"

And his voice broke.

"But," he hesitated, and the shadow returned to his face, "how about his remaining? It would be only natural that he should ask for a transfer; and when I think of the condition of the parish before he came—and the danger of relapse— Do you think, Ned, that he would be willing to continue his work just the same—with me?"

"'T is meself thinks ye war made for wan another. Ye're perfect complements: ye just need to be welded together—and that ye are, be love of the brethren," said the curate solemnly, feeling that somehow his pious fiction was rising into truth.

The new Vicar rose, transformed by inner hope and joy, grasped his curate's hand, and said, "Ned, you are a true friend. Maybe it will all come right. I'll go up now to see him."

"Not to-night," said Father Daley. "'T is a heart-scaldin' he wint through. But 't is healed he'll be, come mornin', be the grace of God."

"Right, right again," said Father Lysaght. "Yes, in the morning we shall meet, I trust, in a new understanding."

And he went out with peace on his face.

Father Ronan sat in his room in the gathering dusk. His face was white and his hands trembled as he aimlessly put together the papers at the battered little desk that had been his when he was a boy in Clongowes Wood college. It was his mother's gift. The tender memory was lost in a wave of bitterness as he thought of her ambition for him, of her pride in his intellectual successes, of his own youthful hopes. What had he come to, what had been the reward of his labor, now, with his gray head, in his fifth decade? God knew his ambition had not been high. He had kept out of ecclesiastical intrigues, had avoided the usual clerical wiles for preferment, had refused alluring opportunities to make money, to exercise power—all because one small town had grown dearer to him than everything beside, had fastened itself into his heart; all because he wanted to hold it in the hollow of his hand.

Angry thoughts, in unyielding repetition of bitterness and disappointment, had obsessed him all day. Now, with the softening remembrance of his mother, came a cry to God for deliverance. He dropped on his knees.

As though in immediate revelation, and with a shock that had the force and keenness of a stab, he realized that this desire of his had been but a subtle form of self-seeking. Yes, he, the priest of God, who had believed himself so earnest in the endeavor "for their sakes to sanctify himself," he had been seeking his own will, and had rebelled at the call to sacrifice. O God, pardon his tardy submission!

But he would ask to be transferred? He would leave this dear Ardalaun. From some dregs within rose the satisfactory thought that they would find it difficult to fill his place. He stifled it indignantly. He would leave in peace with Father Lysaght, wishing him well, but to stay—why, God does not demand the impossible.

"Who pleased not Himself." The words pealed within him. "Christ is our model, Who pleased not Himself." Ah, the allurements, the sweetness, of the hard thing! Yet, anything but this. He would go to the foreign field, he would spend himself in service—only, not in Ardalaun.

He was aroused by some one entering. He had not heard Father Daley's knock. He rose from his knees, calmed by a measure of inward peace, and with such a look of high consecration that the curate's aplomb momentarily deserted him, and his carefully planned speech was forgotten.

"'Tis n't thinkin' of lavin' us you'd be?" he inquired, with a glance at the disordered room.

An expression of pain, of a struggle yet unwon, answered him. The moment was crucial.

"The new Vicar was spakin' of you."

Again a touch of pain at the recognition of, alas, a coveted dignity.

But Father Daley did not withhold the knife. "Yes," he continued, "our new Vicar said to me when I said belike you'd quit: 'No,' says he; 'plinty of sins of his own he do have, maybe——' or if I was to repate his very words, what he raly said was: 'Like the rest of us, the Lord has endowed him with a sufficiency of faults to overcome, but to allow his personal disappointment to hinder his services to the parish, that is not one of them.'"

The young curate's affectation of Father Lysaght's precise utterance almost compelled a smile from Father Ronan, but this was quickly transformed into almost a groan as he exclaimed, "I am unworthy of this, most unworthy!" in a very agony of repentance.

"You're not that," retorted the other, with swift incisiveness. "Father Lysaght sees more than you'd think, and he knows that your work comes first, and yerself last, in any ch'ice you make." And he left the room.

Next morning the two older priests were closeted in Father Ronan's upstairs study for a prolonged interview. The young curate became uneasy, and in the belief that pious eavesdropping may sometimes be a duty, he softly ascended. Fortune favored him, for the door had swung ajar, and the two men were so engrossed as to be heedless of a possible onlooker.

The new Vicar was speaking hurriedly.

" . . . for I envied your power, your force, your irresistible influence. It seemed to me that you had everything, either by achievement or endowment, that I most lacked—and that I would give half my life to possess. I am such a poor blockhead when it comes to dealing with men. But I always thanked God for you, Tom"—here the nervous voice grew tender and deep—"I thanked God for you, and for your work in this town. I am not of any value so far as personal relations go. I cannot make friends with even little children—but could you try to put up with me, Tom, could you try to be friends with me, and remain here and continue your work, and let our Lord use you in keeping safe our little flock?"

Deeply touched and humbled, yet with a gesture as if he had suddenly been set free from shackles, and for the first time tasted freedom, Father Ronan extended his hand, and said, brokenly, yet with a deference hitherto foreign to him:

"Father, it is I who am unworthy; but if you can use me——"

Then, impulsively dropping on one knee, and bending his head, he repeated the words of the ritual, "*Jube, me, Domine, benedicare.*"

Father Daley was examining the children in Butler's Catechism

after last Mass on Sunday. The subject was "Sin," and mortal sin, venial sin, contrition, and attrition were expounded with zest by the First Communion class.

"Cassie Murphy, is it ever lawful to tell a lie?"

"'No, an' no motive-however-good c'n 'scuse a lie, for a lie is alwuz sinful an' bad-in-itself,'" rattled off Cassie.

"Thru for ye," said Father Daley impressively. "Holy Church cannot err in what she taches. A lie is always sinful and bad in itself."

He gave the signal for dismissal, and as the choir burst into,

Daily, daily, sing to Mary,

with a fervor of pious enjoyment of the pun, Father Daley murmured to himself:

"'Sinful and bad in itself.' Yes, but be the Powers Above, there be times when a lie is the touchstone o' the thruth in a man!"



VILLANELLE

BY JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD

THE day that's gone will never come again;
 Though Time's a cheat, why should we, Love, regret?—
 To-morrow's song may have a new refrain.

What if each dragging hour be seared with pain?
 The slowest sun must sink at last and set;—
 The day that's gone will never come again.

What if the heavy clouds hang low with rain?
 To-day the wind sobs, and we're sad—and yet
 To-morrow's song may have a new refrain.

To hark back to the buried past we're fain,
 To youth, to love, to old friends: we forget
 The day that's gone will never come again.

The lute of life gives forth a minor strain,
 When sad Mnemosyne's hands close the fret;—
 To-morrow's song may have a new refrain.

The past is dead; to read the future's vain;
 We cannot peer beyond Time's parapet;
 The day that's gone will never come again—
 To-morrow's song may have a new refrain.

AT HIGHEST TIDE

By Clinton Dangerfield

Author of "With Modern Weapons," etc.

AROUND the corner of the flooded street the yellow water boiled furiously. There was something like human vindictiveness in its rejoicing over its fallen masters. The broken dyke had given it a lawless freedom that the tide, above all other elements, can best express.

As Minturn stood on the wave-surrounded front porch, a world of wild anxiety in his narrow, shrewd little eyes, he might, had he been analytical, have thought how much like his usual course the freed waters were. Long ago he had broken the dykes for himself, and had ramped over all the opposition of law and ethics. Bills had been passed at his pleasure, laws annulled; men had been elevated or cast down at his nod.

And now, in this pitiful, one-horse town, he raged up and down the piazza of a wretched boarding-house, where he had been forced to stop a few days while looking into some timber interests, and called out a financial kingdom in exchange, not for a horse, but for a boat—for any craft which would carry him to the house where his only son, a boy of twelve, had gone to play with a new acquaintance; a house that was in the worst danger of all, now that the flood had leaped on the village like an unexpected tiger.

But no one was thinking of money. It shrinks to an astonishingly small issue when the Mississippi threatens life. Each and all had loved ones to guard; and, indeed, there seemed to be no boats.

It seemed, however, that his lucky star had not yet failed; for there suddenly appeared a common dugout, rowed by a man in clothes as crude as his boat. Minturn hailed the rower frantically. The man answered to his call by coming directly alongside the piazza, and staring at him with eyes in which tragedy had long ago lighted her candles of the dead watch.

In frantic haste, Minturn explained the situation. "We must get him from the house at once," he ended. "I'm going with you. We'll fetch the boy here—this house is heavily built and safe. A thousand dollars for you when my George lands safe on this porch. That rotten building he's in may go at any second!"

As he spoke, he prepared to enter the boat; only to find himself firmly repulsed by an oar.

"Wait," said the rower. "There's no hurry."

As he said this, he leaped to the porch, and secured the dugout to a piazza pillar. "Who's in this house?" he demanded.

"No one but myself. The woman and her boarders had gone to some fool celebration before this break in the levee. Don't waste time on them—they're high and dry in the hills. Come on!"

Minturn's right foot was over the edge of the boat when the rower sprang lithely at him, seized him by the collar, and jerked him roughly backward, throwing him to the piazza floor. Minturn scrambled to his feet, scarlet with rage.

"What the devil are you doing?" he exclaimed.

The rower stood in front of his dugout, facing Minturn. In one hand he held a stout oak oar; his other hand, brown and knotty, hung by his side. The tragic light was gone from his eyes, and from his face the scarred lines of grief seemed mysteriously blotted away, leaving instead a kind of quivering joy, ominous as the phosphor of some illimitable swamp.

"I am merely taking care of my own. That dugout's *my* property. You can't set foot on her."

"How much is the hold-up?" Minturn asked, with a sneer long grown habitual to his lips.

"A price you can't raise, my partner of twenty years ago! I am the man who gave you your start! I am the orange you sucked dry and flung aside! I am Luke Brown!"

Minturn started.

"I guess you've forgotten it all," continued the rower. "Private palace-cars, houses in Newport and New York, deals that make the world sit up and take notice—them things would n't help you to remember that, to get your start, you fooled me into a ten-thousand-dollar investment, and then skinned me out of principal and profits, leavin' me stranded like a fish on dry sands. I could n't cope with no such giant as you. I swallowed what you done, and began all over by myself. And now——"

Minturn advanced a step; his air carried external confidence.

"And now you've got me where you want me. I won't make any excuses, Luke—with you I see they'd not work. I'll confine myself to facts. I'll write you a check for fifty thousand dollars."

"I told you my price!" The rower leaned a little on his oar; but it was plain that he was watching his opponent. "Give me back the years you spoiled. They'll include the faith I lost in men, and the girl I could n't afford to marry after you ruined me. She took the other fellow—naturally getting tired of waitin'."

"Don't talk folly! Don't you know that rotten shed will give way? I know the fix it is in—I was over there."

"Sure you know. But I've took out of it everybody over there, except your son. I saw it could n't last half an hour, and there was only a woman and the little girl he had scraped acquaintance with."

"And you *dared* leave my boy there?" shrieked Minturn.

"Oh, there ain't no limit to human daring! I risked a good deal to get the woman and the girl. I told 'em I'd come back for the boy. But I did n't say *when*. I made a mental reservation—the waters might be too strong. And they are!"

"Stand aside! I'm going in that boat!"

He sprang at the rower. Instantly the boatman dropped his oar and leaped to meet his opponent. In the bitter fight which followed, Minturn drank twenty times the cup of defeat. For Luke Brown deliberately played with him. Strong though Minturn was, the rower was infinitely stronger. It became apparent that he merely permitted the wrestle to continue.

Again and again the financier was harried and beaten. When the boatman at last rose triumphant, it was because he had exhausted the potency of every muscle in Minturn's bruised body. The latter lay in sullen agony, staring up at the grim figure standing by the porch edge. The rower had once more taken up his oar, again he leaned on it; but, except for his heaving chest, he might have passed for a statue of repose. And on his face played a smile which was not beautiful to see.

"For God's sake, Brown——" began Minturn through his cut lips.

"I would n't bring *His* name into it," said the rower indifferently. "He never does take up with folks at the last minute—to my notion, any way."

Minturn began wretchedly gathering himself together.

"Don't get up," said the rower calmly. "The floor suits you better. My knuckles are sore. I'll knock you down with the oar next time."

A passion of wild imploration poured from Minturn's lips. As he had never pleaded before, even for his best interests, he pleaded for the crude dugout, rocking gently on the current.

The boatman only smiled; then, without a sign of warning, he sprang abruptly into his craft, cut the rope with a knife hitherto concealed, and rowed swiftly away—in a direction opposite the endangered house.

Staggering to his feet, Minturn saw his last hope depart. A little while he raved weakly, then dropped, in an unmanned heap, to the boards, screening his eyes from the sight of the yellow tide.

In the rocking structure, the boy waited coolly. He had a string and a pin, and with this he had made an impromptu line and tried to fish. He got no fish; but imagination supplied the possibility of many.

When some one, against a current that tore viciously at the oars, finally reached the steps where he waited, the boy grinned amiably.

"Git tired waitin'?" asked the rower.

"No," said the boy. "I like it here; and I knew you'd come back."

"You had faith, did you?" asked the rower as he helped the boy in.

"Why, yes—if you want put it that funny way."

The man bent to the oars, while the current sucked and tore at them.

"So you believed in me?"

"Why, you promised! Of course I knew you'd come."

"Somebody's got to break a promise to you—and before long. It'll come your turn for such."

"Why?" asked the boy. "Gee, how that water runs! Why?"

"Just because life's made that way," said the rower indifferently.

"You're a big hand for jokin'. Say, I nearly landed a fish—would you think it?"

"I think a great many things," said the rower dreamily, as he tensed his wrists against the fighting malice of the tide. Presently, somewhat to the boy's regret, the boat bumped on the edge of the boarding-house piazza. His father snatched him from the little craft.

"Gee, Dad, you're in a hurry!" exclaimed the boy. "I was all right. This gentleman took care of me: he was awful kind." Then he edged up to his father's side. "Give me some money for him, Pop."

"Hush!" said his father harshly. Then he swallowed something, which seemed difficult, and added, "I—you see—son—there are things money can't pay for. So—so you can't offer it."

"I never heard that before!" exclaimed the boy bluntly.

The rower in the boat gave vent to a curious little laugh.

"Good-by," he said. "You are safe there, and you've plenty of provisions."

"Stay!" cried the boy; but the rower laughed again, still more oddly, and rowed away.

"I wish you had given me some money for him," growled the boy pettishly. "I don't believe what you said—about money not paying for some things."

"Beliefs seem to be a matter of personal experience," said his father, in a voice which perplexed the boy. "Mine have altered somewhat since——"

"Since when?" asked the boy impatiently.

"Since you elected to go on your late expedition," said his father.

"Well, I know one thing," said the boy confidently: "it's jolly to be here. When I can, I'll hunt that fellow up and make friends with him. I like him."

"Perhaps you can buy him," said his father, as they went into the house. "In some ways you are infinitely richer than I."

SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES

X. JUGGLER TO OUR-LADY

By Anatole France

DONE INTO ENGLISH, AND WITH INTRODUCTION,
BY THE EDITOR

ANATOLE FRANCE, FORMER MAN AND NEW

THE biographies of some great men of letters are little different from their bibliographies. For many years this would seem to have been true in the case of Anatole France, for the man of public import—apart from his literary productions—came not into being until fifty-three years after his physical birth.

Every book-lover who goes to Paris must visit the banks of the Seine and revel among the riches of that vast exhibition of old books, art objects, rare prints, and fascinating what-not, which for generations have been the despair and the admiration of collectors. Over an old-book mart on the Quai Malaquis, Jacques Anatole Thibault—now everywhere known as Anatole France—was born April 16, 1844. From that day to this he has never left as a residence that Paris whose every paving-block he knows, as he himself says, and whose every stone he loves. Year by year he has increasingly stood as a type of Parisian literary life and thought.

His father was one of the prosperous book-sellers of the Seine banks—meditative, thoughtful, and even a maker of verses. He brought with him from Anjou in western France all of the Vendéean's passion for monarchism and clericalism. Just how this harmonizes with the assertion of one of our author's biographers that the elder Thibault was of Jewish blood, I do not pretend to say, but the statement may pass on its face value. Certain it is that the father was concerned that Anatole should be educated under the auspices of clerical teachers, the priests of the old Collège Stanislas, and his son's early mastery of the classics and attainments in literary style amply justified the choice. Indeed, the clerical schools of the period did more to establish French letters than has since proven to be the case under the public schools of present-day France.

Growing up in this bookish atmosphere, rich tokens of the past all about him, inheriting his father's scholarly tastes, trained under the rigid system of classicists, and rubbing elbows at school with Paul

Bourget and François Coppée, Anatole France needed only one more element to develop in him the varied temperament his life and works exhibit—the inspiration of the refined and tender mother whose love for romantic fairy-tales charmed into being the first fancy-creations of her gifted boy.

In 1868 M. France produced his first book—a study of Alfred de Vigny. This made no great sensation, but his first volume of poems—many French literary men, like Daudet, Maupassant, and Bourget, have opened their literary careers with essays at verse—was published in 1873, *Les Poèmes dorés*.

About this time M. France became reader for the publisher Lemerre, and under his auspices brought out various of the thirty-some volumes which stand to his credit. In 1876 he became an attaché of the Senate library. Later, he was known as a regular contributor to *Le Temps* and other Parisian journals, much of this review material being now accessible in book-form.

That part of M. France's work which covers the first twenty years of his writing, ending with 1896, has largely fixed his place in the average opinion, for two reasons: those years witnessed his largest and most popular production, including nearly all of his novels and stories; and, in consequence, the preponderance of published critical estimates cover only those two decades.

The "first" Anatole France, then, must be considered almost as a separate being, so far as we regard his spirit; his literary style changed scarcely at all with time. Classical training was reflected in a passion for the Greek magic of words, Latin harmony of phrasing, and the hedonistic philosophy; there was not even the suggestion of his later direct appeal to reason and "the rights of man." His personal tone—for much of his writing is personal and even autobiographical—was pessimistic, though untinged with bitterness; and here again there was little to forecast his vigorous appeal for a social better day. No thought of social uplift, no ray of hope, appeared in his treatment of *Thaïs*, a study of the Egypt of the Ptolemies; *The Red Lily*, a picture of present-day Florence; *The Opinions of M. Jérôme Coignard*, the modernization of sentiments exploited in Rabelais, Wilhelm Meister, Gil Blas, and Montaigne; *The Garden of Epicurus*, wherein the shades of great thinkers, from Plato to Schopenhauer, hold converse, "while an Esquimaux refutes Bossuet, a Polynesian develops his theory of the soul, and Cicero and Cousin agree in their estimate of a future life." In a word, the M. France of those days viewed life as a spectacle, with dispassionate yet pitying irony. Convinced, with the Preacher, that all is vanity, this dilettante proposed no remedies for its ills, and was even frankly skeptical that any such saving medicine existed. This is Anatole France as most readers know him—the Anatole France who "died" fifteen

years ago, leaving only the stylist and the keen observer to identify him with the decidedly living man of to-day.

Two important events in the life of our author took place respectively in 1896 and 1897. In the former year he was elected on the first ballot to a seat in the French Academy—the seat occupied by Ferdinand de Lesseps, and on the occasion of his *séance de réception* M. France delivered a tactful and altogether admirable eulogy upon the unfortunate genius whom he succeeded.

This distinction coming after more than fifty years of life would have been enough to mark an epoch in his career, but one year later he issued *L'Orme du Mail*, a series of notable comments upon contemporary literary and social life. This may be regarded as the outgrowth of the social, political, and literary notes which he had been contributing to the newspapers, and which have been gathered in several volumes, forming probably the most brilliant commentary upon things French which is available to-day.

Doubtless this daily observation of the current trend gave birth to a new man, for now Anatole France is no longer the satirical and lightly ironical dilettante making excursions into the field of authorship, but a robust devotee of the rights of the people. His powerful arraignments of the social and political condition of the French common-people are not the only proofs of a new birth in M. France. Trenchant, witty, and apostolic as are his social sermons—for now and then a sermon may ring true to its word-origin and be a *thrust*—they were not so amazing and, happily, not so significant, as his brave championship of the cause of Captain Dreyfus when there were few who dared to lift voice against rampant militarism and a prejudiced, Jew-baiting military tribunal.

From this courageous stand it was only a single step to a propagandum to abolish the many abuses which he feels weigh heavily upon the masses—war, plutocracy, clericalism, militarism. I have said that it was only a single step, yet it represents a long journey for the son of a monarchist, the boy educated by priests, the smiling literary dilettante, the speculative pupil of Rénan, to have mounted the Socialistic rostrum and produced anti-military and anti-clerical papers of no doubtful sound. Such is M. France to-day; and though he still fails not in his literary appeal to the intellectuals, the cry that deeply stirs his being is that of the proletariat in need of intelligent, vigorous leadership. Whether or not one agrees with his propagandum, one cannot ignore its significance.

Anatole France has attained distinction in several literary forms. His early poems are not of sufficient merit to make him famous, but they consist of a piquant combination—humor, history, and philosophy. His critical introductions to delightful editions of famous books are

charmingly done and sufficiently discriminating. His tractates on questions of the times are earnest, direct, and vigorous. But it is to his novels and stories that we must look to find his most characteristic writings.

To the English reader, his best-known novel is *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), which was crowned by the Academy. Like all of M. France's novels, it is practically plotless—a fictional framework for the observations and good-natured ironies of the old philosopher, whose name gives the book its title. A second novel of distinction, if novel it may be called, is *The Book of Friendship* (*le Livre de Mon Ami*). It is made up of two parts—*The Book of Peter* and *The Book of Suzanne*. The former owes its interest not alone to charm of style, childlikeness of recital, and subtle beauty, but also to its autobiographical character—which M. France has frankly admitted. Three other works immediately rise up for comparison when one reads this keen, sympathetic, and understanding story—Dickens's *David Copperfield*, Daudet's *Little What's-His-Name* (*le Petit Chose*), and Loti's *The Story of a Child*; and the very fact of such inevitable comparisons may sufficiently suggest its ingenuous charm, its pseudo-naïvete, and its mingled humor and pathos. No Frenchman, except Victor Hugo, quite entered into child-life as did M. France in this notable compound of fiction and fact, and I am not forgetting either Alphonse Daudet or Gustav Droz in making this assertion.

The inheritance of his mother's love for fantasy is beautifully illustrated in M. France's *Abeille*, a fairy story of perhaps twenty-thousand words. The author's name will vouch for its style; the simple outline will show the pretty framework for the fictional conception.

La Duchesse des Clarides brings up her daughter Abeille, together with Georges, the only son of la Comtesse de Blanchelande, who at her death had confided him to the care of her friend.

The two children one day set out secretly to find the distant lake which they have seen from the high tower of the castle of Clarides. The lake is the home of the Ondines, and the woods surrounding it the realm of the Gnomes. Georges, seeking water and food for Abeille, is seized by the Ondines. Abeille, waiting for Georges's return, falls asleep, to be wakened by the Gnomes, who carry her to their King Loc. They keep Abeille in order to teach her the wisdom and secrets of their race, and they make her their Princess. Loc loves Abeille and offers her all the treasures of his kingdom if she will become his wife. She refuses, asking only to be sent back to her mother, whom she is allowed to see each night in a dream, as her mother also sees her. Loc finally learns that Abeille loves Georges, but that he has disappeared. The Gnome king discovers that the youth is with the Ondines, held prisoner because he wishes to leave the Ondine queen—who also loves him—in order to seek

Abeille. Loc magnanimously rescues Georges and sends him to Clarides, but still cannot bring himself to free Abeille. The youth learns of the fate of Abeille from his mother and his serving man, and goes to the Gnome kingdom to rescue her.

Loc cannot keep Abeille longer because of a law allowing mortals, prisoners of the Gnomes, to return to the world after seven years, so he betroths Georges and Abeille and gives them rich gifts, among which is a magic ring having power to bring Abeille and Georges at any time to visit the Gnome realm, where they will be always welcome.

In *Mother-of-Pearl* (*L'Etui de Nacre*) and *St. Clara's Well* (*Le Puits de Sainte-Claire*), we find our author's best short-story work.

As has been noted in previous introductory papers of this series, there is a marked tendency among French writers of little fictions to affect the sketch form, and in this field they have wrought with great delicacy and spirit. It is hardly to be expected of a writer whose novels give so much play to epigram, philosophy, dialogue, and witty comment, that he should seek to tell his shorter stories with the compression of a Maupassant and the plot-structure of a Mérimée. But other qualities of the first-rate story-teller he does display—his narration is lively and witty, and his climaxes are satisfying.

Only two of his short-stories can be given attention in this limited space, both found in the first-named volume, and one of them reproduced here in translation.

"The Procurator of Judea" tells in the author's leisurely, pellucid style how L. Ælius Lamia, after eighteen years of exile by Tiberius Cæsar, returns to Rome. During his years of sojourn in Asia, here and there, he has met Pontius Pilate. Now they meet again, and the physical bulk of the story is taken up by their reminiscences. Just when that seems to be all, they fall to discussing the charms of Judæan women, when Lamia recalls with especial warmth a dancing girl.

"Some months after," he goes on, "I lost sight of her. I learned by chance that she had attached herself to a small company of men and women who were followers of a young Galilean thaumaturgist. His name was Jesus; he came from Nazareth, and he was crucified for some crime, I don't quite know what. Pontius, do you remember anything about the man?"

"Pontius Pilate contracted his brows, and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the deeps of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—

"Jesus?" he murmured. "Jesus of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind."

This dramatic episode, which exists only for its climax, is no more poignant than the pathos of that simple-hearted juggler-monk who imitated the Widow, in that he gave all that he had.

JUGGLER TO OUR-LADY

(LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE-DAME)

I.

IN the time of King Louis, there lived in France a poor juggler, native of Compiègne, named Barnabas, who went among the villages doing feats of strength and skill. On market days he would spread out on the public square an old carpet very much worn, and, after having attracted the children and the gazing bumpkins by some suitable pleasantries which he had adopted from an old juggler and which he never changed at all, he would assume grotesque attitudes and balance a plate on his nose.

The crowd at first looked at him with indifference. But when, standing on his hands with his head downward, he tossed in the air six copper balls which glittered in the sun and caught them again with his feet; or when, by bending backward until his neck touched his heels, he gave his body the form of a perfect wheel, and in that posture juggled with twelve knives, a murmur of admiration rose from the onlookers, and pieces of money rained upon the carpet.

However, like the majority of those who live by their talents, Barnabas of Compiègne had much difficulty in living. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his part of the miseries connected with the fall of Adam, our father. Moreover, he was unable to work as much as he would have wished. In order to show off his fine accomplishment, he needed the warmth of the sun and the light of day, just as do the trees in order to produce their blossoms and fruits.

In winter he was nothing more than a tree despoiled of its foliage and to appearance dead. The frozen earth was hard for the juggler. And, like the grasshopper of which Marie of France tells, he suffered from cold and from hunger in the bad season. But, since he possessed a simple heart, he bore his ills in patience.

He had never reflected upon the origin of riches, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that, if this world is evil, the other cannot fail to be good, and this hope sustained him. He did not imitate the thieving mountebanks and miscreants who have sold their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed the name of God; he lived honestly, and, although he had no wife, he did not covet his neighbor's, for woman is the enemy of strong men, as appears from the history of Samson, which is reported in the Scriptures.

In truth, he had not a spirit which turned to carnal desires, and it would have cost him more to renounce the jugs than the women. For, although without failing in sobriety, he loved to drink when it was

warm. He was a good man, fearing God and very devout toward the Holy Virgin. He never failed, when he entered a church, to kneel before the image of the Mother of God and address to her this prayer:

"Madame, take care of my life until it may please God that I die, and when I am dead, cause me to have the joys of paradise."

II.

WELL, then, on a certain evening after a day of rain, while he was walking, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, and seeking for some barn in which he might lie down, without supper, he saw on the road a monk who was travelling the same way, and saluted him decorously. As they were walking at the same pace, they began to exchange remarks.

"Comrade," said the monk, "how comes it that you are habited all in green? Is it not for the purpose of taking the character of a fool in some mystery-play?"

"Not for that purpose, father," responded Barnabas. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnabas, and I am by calling a juggler. It would be the most beautiful occupation in the world if one could eat every day."

"Friend Barnabas," replied the monk, "take care what you say. There is no more beautiful calling than the monastic state. Therein one celebrates the praises of God, the Virgin, and the saints, and the life of a monk is a perpetual canticle to the Lord."

Barnabas answered:

"Father, I confess that I have spoken like an ignoramus. Your calling may not be compared with mine, and, although there is some merit in dancing while holding on the tip of the nose a coin balanced on a stick, this merit does not approach yours. I should like very well to sing every day, as you do, father, the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a particular devotion. I would right willingly renounce my calling, in which I am known from Soissons to Beauvais, in more than six hundred towns and villages, in order to embrace the monastic life."

The monk was touched by the simplicity of the juggler, and, as he did not lack discernment, he recognized in Barnabas one of those men of good purpose whereof our Lord said: "Let peace abide with them on earth!" This is why he replied to him:

"Friend Barnabas, come with me, and I will enable you to enter the monastery of which I am the prior. He who conducted Mary the Egyptian through the desert has placed me on your path to lead you in the way of salvation."

This is how Barnabas became a monk.

In the monastery where he was received, the brethren emulously

solemnized the cult of the Holy Virgin, and each one employed in her service all the knowledge and all the ability which God had given him.

The prior, for his part, composed books which, according to the rules of scholasticism, treated of the virtues of the Mother of God.

Friar Maurice with a learned hand copied these dissertations on leaves of vellum.

Friar Alexander painted fine miniatures, wherein one could see the Queen of Heaven seated upon the throne of Solomon, at the foot of which four lions kept vigil. Around her haloed head fluttered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit: gifts of fear, piety, science, might, counsel, intelligence, and wisdom. She had for companions six golden-haired Virgins: Humility, Prudence, Retirement, Respect, Virginity, and Obedience. At her feet two small figures, nude and quite white, were standing in a suppliant attitude. They were souls who implored her all-powerful intercession for their salvation—and certainly not in vain.

On another page Friar Alexander represented Eve gazing upon Mary, so that thus one might see at the same time the sin and the redemption, the woman humiliated and the Virgin exalted. Furthermore, in this book one might admire the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the closed Garden which is spoken of in the Canticle, the Gate of Heaven and the Seat of God, and there were also several images of the Virgin.

Friar Marbode was, similarly, one of the most affectionate children of Mary. He carved without ceasing images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes were perpetually swollen and tearful; but he was full of strength and joy in his advanced age, and, visibly, the Queen of Paradise protected the old age of her child. Marbode represented her seated on a bishop's throne, her brow encircled by a nimbus whose orb was of pearls, and he took pains that the folds of her robe should cover the feet of one of whom the prophet said: "My beloved is like a closed garden."

At times, also, he gave her the features of a child full of grace, and she seemed to say: "Lord, thou art my Lord!"—"Dixi de ventre matris meæ: Deus meus es tu." (Psalm 21, 11.)

They had also in the monastery several poets, who composed, in Latin, both prose and hymns in honor of the most happy Virgin Mary, and there was even found one Picardian who set forth the miracles of Our-Lady in ordinary language and in rhymed verses.

III.

SEEING such a concourse of praises and such a beautiful in-gathering of works, Barnabas lamented to himself his ignorance and his simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed as he walked along in the little garden of the

convent, "I am very unfortunate not to be able, like my brothers, to praise worthily the Holy Mother of God to whom I have pledged the tenderness of my heart. Alas! Alas! I am a rude and artless man, and I have for your service, Madam the Virgin, neither edifying sermons, nor tracts properly divided according to the rules, nor fine paintings, nor statues exactly sculptured, nor verses counted by feet and marching in measure. I have nothing, alas!"

He moaned in this manner and abandoned himself to sadness.

One night that the monks were recreating by conversing, he heard one of them relate the history of a religious who did not know how to recite anything but the *Ave Maria*. This monk was disdained for his ignorance; but, having died, there came forth from his lips five roses in honor of the five letters in the name of *Maria*, and his sanctity was thus manifested.

While listening to this recital Barnabas admired once again the bounty of the Virgin; but he was not consoled by the example of that happy death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he desired to serve the glory of his Lady who was in Heaven. He sought the means without being able to find them, and every day he grieved the more.

One morning, however, having awakened full of joy, he ran to the chapel and stayed there alone for more than an hour. He returned there after dinner. And beginning from that moment he went every day into the chapel at the hour when it was deserted, and there he passed a large part of the time which the other monks consecrated to the liberal and the mechanical arts. No more was he sad and no longer did he complain.

A conduct so singular aroused the curiosity of the monks. They asked themselves in the community why Friar Barnabas made his retreats so frequent.

The Prior, whose duty it is to ignore nothing of the conduct of his monks, resolved to observe Barnabas during his solitudes. One day that he was closeted in the chapel as his custom was, Dom Prior went, accompanied by two elders of the monastery, to observe through the windows of the door what was going on in the interior.

They saw Barnabas, who—before the altar of the Holy Virgin, head downward, feet in air—was juggling with six brass balls and twelve knives. He was doing in honor of the Holy Mother of God the feats which had brought to him the most applause. Not comprehending that this simple man was thus placing his talent and his knowledge at the service of the Holy Virgin, the two elders cried out at the sacrilege.

The Prior understood that Barnabas had an innocent heart; but he thought that he had fallen into dementia. All three were preparing to drag him vigorously from the chapel when they saw the Holy Virgin

descend the steps of the altar in order to wipe with a fold of her blue mantle the sweat which burst from the brow of her juggler.

Then the Prior, prostrating his face against the marble slabs, recited these words:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

"Amen," responded the elders as they kissed the earth.

WOOD-MUSIC

BY MARY BYERLEY

I.

SEE how the silver woods in step
To morning's martial music march;
By jewel-dissolving mists upheld.
The final fragrance of the larch
Is but an earlier reveillé
To bird-song that shall find the day—
Your day, my day—
A welcoming triumphal arch.

II.

Most beautiful and fragrant woods,
Hold in thy keen embrace my Sweet;
Let young leaves crown her budding thoughts,
Let young winds lave her flitting feet.
Speed softly on your fleeting way,
O tender hours of the young day—
Your day, my day—
So loath to enter Time's retreat.

III.

Most beautiful and fragrant Love,
Hold in thy pure embrace mine all,
My morning and my evening self,
My noon's, in golden coronal:
And to each hour that hastes away,
Trill out the woods' wide roundelay:
"Love's day, high day,
God's wondrous day shines over all!"

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH

By Sarah Chichester Page

I.

I WAS waiting at the station to meet my new cousin, John Meredith, from Massachusetts. It's shocking to call him "new," even in that sense. He is descended from some of the very oldest Colonial families of Virginia. But this was his first visit to the home of his forefathers, and the train was exceedingly late in getting him here. I called him new because I had met him only the winter before in New York. And because he rather *stayed* new. None of the "old shoe" characteristics about him! He spent some hours there explaining to me the exceedingly powerful reasons for his never having visited Virginia; but assured me that he would bring to bear such forces the next summer, that the visit could not fail to be accomplished. Whereupon I invited him to Newington.

But the train was hours late. And there is something very peculiar about my constitution: I never could stand waiting. Whenever I have to wait, I'm sure to think of something devilish. I can't understand it!

Several of the girls were here with me, to see the new man. All of us packed into my trap, which was tied under a big tree. I had launched into description:

"He is good-looking, and, oh, so *deeply* educated! And his clothes are gorgeous.

"But the funny part about him is his fixed idea of life in the South. He constantly alludes to our love of ease, our life of leisure here."

Groans from the girls, and Amy Harrison wished he might arrive in time to help her get dinner; since there was no cook, and it was a pity to waste Northern energy.

"Indeed, he could easily lend a hand at the milking at Newington," I sighed, "for we are having a great time with the 'cunjers' down there. Sam and Sallie may leave us at any minute. And, by the way, John is immensely interested in the negro question also. He says we do not in the least understand the situation, and he looks

forward to explaining his views at length to the people here. He has gone deeply into the subject, and finds we are all prejudiced and 'fundamentally wrong.'

There was a diversion at this point by the arrival of the Newington ox-cart on the scene, bringing two calves to be shipped to market, and escorted by Uncle Henry and the aforesaid Sam. And, idly watching them unload the poor little things, and being so tired of waiting for that train, the most fiendish thought came to me.

"Girls, since John Meredith is coming down here so thoroughly prepared for roughing it, I do believe I'll take him home in that ox-cart!"

"It *would* strike me as being leisurely," mused Amy.

"But where on earth would you sit?—with your new blue linen frock on, too!" gasped Bessie Barksdale.

"Why, my dear, ease and comfort are so entirely essential to me, that I'll have to borrow two rocking-chairs from Mrs. Harrison—borrowing being a native habit, also, you know."

"I hope de Lord yo' pa will be out on dat Cote House steps as we go by and ketch you at yo' pranks!" grumbled Uncle Henry, as he swept out the cart and put in the chairs.

I sent Sam flying home with the trap, and at that moment the train arrived.

John looked so magnificent as I introduced him to the girls, that I did wish for my nice little trap and good-looking horse. But the girls were all so excited over the lark, I simply *could n't* back down now; so I said as humbly as I felt:

"Cousin John, I'm afraid you are not accustomed to driving behind oxen, are you?"—leading the way to the cart. "But the cart was coming to the train with the calves, you know——"

"And Maida is so fond of her ease," chimed in Amy viciously. "She never gets out of a rocking-chair if she can help it."

"Yes," I retaliated with spite, seating myself vis-à-vis to John; "and when I get Cousin John to Newington, I shall *keep* him there till the weather gets cool; so I am afraid you won't see him again. Good-by, girls!"

And with a crack of Uncle Henry's whip, and a loud and tremulous invocation to "Buck" and "Berry," I persuaded our steeds to move off up the road.

Nothing could exceed the agony of that drive! I had not been in an ox-cart since I was a child, when I had sat on the floor in the straw, and thought it a great lark.

But the *rocking-chairs*! And I shall always believe Uncle Henry made those beasts go fast on purpose!

We tacked up the road with the wildest jerks and bumps. John

had immediately ensconced his chair in the end corner of the cart; and it mortifies me to confess he had me literally braced in his arms, rocking-chair and all, during the tumultuous ascent of the longest hill in the county!

I don't think he was three minutes in the cart before he found out I was no more on my native heath than he, for I instantly began shrieking to Uncle Henry to stop and let me get out. But of course Uncle Henry would n't hear a thing, although John added his voice to mine. After about a mile of rumbling over the stones, and dashing into the stone fences, from one side of the road to the other, our combined shouts finally brought the old man and his oxen to a standstill, and we were permitted to scramble out!

John teased me so, I had to confess what I had done. And I was very contrite as we strolled down the hill.

"But why do you call that exceedingly stupid and obstinate old negro 'Uncle,' Betty? That is the absurdity of your treatment of them. Why not call the man by his name, respectfully, and send him about his business? For he seems to me most inefficient."

"Good heavens, John! He is quite the dearest old thing on the place," I gasped. "And he is not in the least stupid. He don't even believe in 'cunjers,' as the others all do."

"Now, Maida, I *can't* believe you are reviving all that fetich nonsense of generations past. For I'm sure no negroes of the present age indulge in those old superstitions."

"That's all you know about them," I mocked gaily, for I descried Sam coming down the hill. Being sent home with the trap, of course he had to show himself off all round the village, and was now rapidly overtaking us.

"Sam," I explained as we took his seat and sent him on with the cart, "is a real 'nigger,' and would tell you much about the 'cunjer pains' if he knew you well. But, John, you *won't* tell Papa about the ox-cart, will you? I feel so miserable about it."

"I am here to protect you from a cruel parent and all other casualties—even runaway oxen—if you are willing, Maida;" and I must say he said it in a mighty attractive way, though he laughed. There is something a man can say with his eyes even when his tongue is uttering all that is most foolish. And it seems to be a thing they do in any part of the country. Everywhere I've been, anyhow.

He was so earnest in his asseverations, that we failed to notice that some one was holding open the Newington gate, till just as we passed in, and I discovered it was Harry Marshall, another cousin, from Richmond County, who had arrived in my absence. And although I introduced them with enthusiasm, and assured them they were third cousins once removed, they did not seem as overjoyed at the meeting

as I could have wished. In fact, Harry told me frankly he had expected to be "the whole show" or he would not have come.

But we liked John Meredith immensely. He was so kindly interested in reforming us; so disapproving of our "ways," and so enchanted with us, apparently. The conventional week of his stay lengthened out into a truly Virginia visit. And finally I began to suspect that he contemplated snatching me as a brand from the burning. A wonderful sacrifice on his part, no doubt; but one owes something to one's family, and, naturally, the advantages of Boston civilization would correct certain—ah—a little impulsiveness, and just a few misguided opinions!

II.

"CHEER up, Maida! You must be looking for 'the Judgment,' with all that despair in your eyes," said Harry Marshall.

"It's the wrong direction," I said. "'Judgment Day' is coming from the east. I've been looking for it to come over High Point Mountain ever since I was a small child. Mammy told me to 'always be found watchin' for the Judgment.' And she thought it would come over High Point—with a great flame in the sky. So every time I went out of the house, my eyes naturally sought the lowering old mountain.

"No, I'm looking for the washerwoman just now. It's five o'clock Monday evening, and she has not yet come here from her Sunday frolic. When she does come, she will tell me, gravely, she has 'been cunjered by dem niggers in town, and had de cunjer-pains so keen in her back she could n't step out to save her life.'"

I was sitting on the low rail-fence at the bottom of the orchard, with some turkey eggs in my hat—which I held in my lap—and deep despair in my heart. Harry had just come in from riding, and had crossed over to me from the stable. His hat was pushed far back, his face very fresh and glowing. He tried the rail before trusting his hundred and seventy pounds upon it, and then devoted himself to rubbing the mud from his leathers and riding-breeches with his crop, while he pondered the situation.

"How would you like me to try working a spell on her, Maida? I've often been successful in taking the 'cunjer' off the old-time darkies, when I was a kid. I'll try to keep her at home till she gets the laundry done, at any rate, for I want her to do my stocks. But here comes your 'Judgment' from High Point," he laughed, as John Meredith sprang over the fence at the foot of the mountain and hurried down the hill toward us.

"What a wonderful country, Maida! You should really walk more. But what do you suppose ails that man of yours?"

Sam was crossing from the cow-pen with two big buckets of milk in his hands. But suddenly, as he reached the fence, he put down the buckets and crouched low, peeping between the rails in the direction of the road, and apparently trembling all over.

"Did you ever see anything so silly in your life?" I exclaimed. "There is poor old Annie just coming over the hill, and she has evidently frightened him to death. We must change the atmosphere here, or there'll be a stampede." And I walked quickly down to Sam, asking him what was wrong.

He looked a little ashamed of being seen, but presently broke out: "'Deed, Miss Maida, that's a 'cunjer-woman' yonder! Now, you know I ain't never had nothin' the matter with me in my life till Annie she come here wid her spells; an' now, if I don't eat nothin' more 'n milk and corn-bread she gits a spell on me, so's my head pretty near busts. An' as to coffee—Sally say she ain't dare to tech it while Annie's on de place."

I hurriedly tried to reassure him, telling him that Annie was a good woman who would hurt no one: in fact, that she believed most foolishly that she was "cunjered" herself.

"Yes, miss, I know that's true; 'cause Cora Russell is trying to put a real big cunjer on her, and git the devil clean out 'n her. But, 'deed, if you-all don't send her away soon, we'll have to go, for sumpin's goin' to happen, sure's you in dis world;" and he hurried on to the spring-house as Annie approached us.

She seemed decidedly out of sorts—vowing vengeance on Cora Russell, who, she said, was "wukkin' ag'inst" her at every turn. In fact, it had been with the greatest difficulty that she got home at all; and unless she could find some spell to relieve her, she did n't see how she could "hit de tubs" in the morning.

Here Harry modestly suggested that he was able to take spells off most people. Indeed, if he could only find the things he needed, he could knock Cora Russell's "cunjers" into a cocked hat.

Annie listened eagerly; and I assured her, earnestly, that Mr. Harry had learned some mighty deep things when he went down in the far South; and I felt sure he would do his best to relieve her of the "cunjer-misery" which was so bad in her back. Harry talked wisely about the difficulty of getting hold of the horn of a frog in this country, which was a *sine qua non* in the business. Also an alligator's tooth. But I assured him I could supply this last condiment.

Annie was quite overcome with joy, and asked me to tell her, for certain sure, if I ever did hear tell of a frog that had horns; and Harry and I both solemnly went through the oath, "I cross my heart and say I do;" so that she openly rejoiced in a vision of the downfall of Cora and her most potent spells.

It was with great difficulty that John Meredith contained himself through this. He was outraged beyond description.

"Don't you know perfectly well it is a case of diabetes the woman has got?"

"Can't be quite sure," said Harry. "It may be appendicitis, you know."

Papa felt sure it was fried cabbage and fried meat.

"At any rate, I shall give her some Lithia tablets, and I feel sure we will hear no more of the pain," John said. And this he did, most charitably—together with the money to purchase more of them.

But the next morning Annie came to my room and whispered confidentially: "Miss Maida, dey tell me thar's a man in Pittsburg 'at raises them frogs with horns; and I was thinkin', if you'd send on dis money for me, you might git a few o' dem aigs."

"But is n't that the money Mr. John gave you for the medicine, Annie?"

"Yes—but, Lord, chile, that ain't nothin' 't all but soda; 'cause I done tas'e it. And powerful po' soda at that; 'cause I put every bit of it in some corn-bread dis mornin', an' it did n't raise it any to hurt!" But she was persuaded to keep the money, pending the issue of Harry's efforts. And his séance was arranged for that night in the nursery.

As no one was present but Annie, I can't describe the incantations. But he had at hand the skull and cross-bones, the alligator's tooth, and the horn of the frog—or something which might easily have been that. There was a strange compound to be solemnly smoked in corn-cob pipes; and in the midst of the impressive cloud and silence, the oracle spoke, in sepulchral warning: "Always turn back when the path is crossed by a black cat. Turn to the right when a rabbit crosses it. Eat nothing with both hind legs of the chair on the floor, and, above all, avoid crossing running water for thirteen days."

Annie retired, completely relieved of her pains. And as Newington is surrounded by running streams, we comforted ourselves with the assurance that the battle for power with Cora must call a truce, and we should get two weeks' laundry done, at any rate.

III.

GOING to the spring-house for cream before breakfast, one morning soon after this, I found Sam lying under a tree. He was moaning a little, and told me his head was aching dreadfully, and that he knew Annie had put another spell on him. He seemed half stupefied; and as it was a dreadfully hot morning, I asked Sally to give him a glass of hot water with soda; and if he did not feel better soon, to put some ice on his head.

There were several men breakfasting with us, and they got into such an animated discussion, afterward, that I left them at the table, and went out to the pantry to give Sally my housekeeping orders.

In a moment there were screams. The kitchen door burst open, and Annie rushed in, followed closely by Sam. His chest and arms were bared, his lips drawn back from his clenched teeth, and his eyes blazing horribly. In his uplifted hand was nothing less than the long thin blade of the ham knife, and with this he lunged at Annie.

She had dashed toward the dining-room door; but as she reached it, Sam gained upon her, so that, instinctively, she caught me up and lifted me straight between her and the murderous knife.

I had no time to be frightened—it was all in a breath. Sam reached over my shoulder for another blow at his enemy, the door gave way from the impact, and in this order we fell upon the breakfast table.

I can give no account of what followed. I know that the men discovered at once that they were dealing with a maniac.

I remember Annie and Sally, the cook, were shut up with me in Papa's room: and they lay on the floor almost unconscious, and of an ashen gray color.

They say John got between me and the carving-knife, and Sam did not once strike at him. And when they found they could not hold him for a moment, since he had the strength of seven bulls, Harry deftly threw a rope, and so bound his arms, until at last the constable came out from the village and took him into custody.

But the situation at Newington was a serious one. Sally, being a particularly timid darcy, was frightened almost out of her wits. She refused to leave the shelter of Papa's room till poor old Annie had been sent away. And, indeed, we saw plainly that was the only course open to us.

No negro would eat a mouthful on the place while she remained there. We gave her a present, advised her to take a week's holiday, and promised to send the laundry to her at her home.

John thought she would have been a small loss, had Sam finished her.

The want of appreciation shown in the use of Lithia tablets went further toward his disillusion than any argument we brought to bear. And though he spent some time in trying to enlighten Sally, he failed to reassure her. And I dared not tell him that she felt a serious suspicion that those Lithia tablets might be at the bottom of the whole trouble.

IV.

JOHN persuaded me to climb far up the mountain the next afternoon, to watch the sun set over the soft spring green of the valleys. I had been feeling a little shaky since the excitement of yesterday, and

his patience and tenderness were very restful. That was the reason I refused to ride with Harry Marshall, and climbed the mountains instead. (Besides, I really wanted Harry to go and take Bess.)

I was not a bit happy. John was going away the next day, and I knew I should miss him. And I did n't want to be missing him! It seemed absurd to be missing him like that.

And truly everything had gone on most dreadfully for his visit! It could not possibly have been worse. For we don't have negroes going insane and attacking us with carving-knives very often, you know. I felt we had made a very bad impression altogether. How could I have been so horrible about that ox-cart? And how could I have had such a false impression of him? He seemed altogether different now!

As soon as we sat down, he faced around, in a direct way he has, and demanded, "Maida, what can I do to make you love me?"

"Oh, good gracious, John! Don't do anything—I would n't love you for anything in the world!" I gasped.

"And why not?"—setting his mouth straight and pulling his hat down over his eyes.

"Don't you see, dear? Oh, surely you see! Every reason—it's just impossible!"

"Maida, do you mean you will marry only a man who speaks exactly as you do—dresses, and acts, and lives his life only along these same narrow lines?"

"No, no, *no*, John! Indeed, it is n't that. The thing I really want, the only thing I want, is *love*. Just love that will last—that will endure—that will cover everything. No, don't you dare quote that 'bright and fierce and fickle is the South, and dark and true and tender is the North.' They *all* repeat that—and just when they are trying their hardest to win some Southern love!"

"I was not thinking of quoting anything, you queer child." And suddenly he gathered me close in his arms without asking me a word about it.

I found his heart was thumping dreadfully, and mine began doing it, too, as hard as it could. He held me quite still for a minute, with my face hidden on his breast; then he said, very low: "You'll find enough love there for a lifetime, I believe. But—do you think you can love *me*—Maida?"

"No—not quite yet; but—I think it's coming!" I *did* think so!

"That's exactly what you said this morning about the butter, when you were churning." He laughed happily. "No, don't move"—he laid his cheek against mine, and turned my head a little with his hand. "Do you see that old stone house down there, with the white columns?"

"Of course—Wyndham—the old Berkeley place."

"Well, I've bought it, Maida, pending *this*"—patting my head;
 "for I knew there was no use expecting you to be happy all the year in
 New England, away from your adorable darkies. So I'll have a home
 for you in Virginia——"

"Virginia! Oh, John! I'm quite sure now, truly, *it's come!*
 You are so good to me."

"Virginia—that's a name to conjure with, if you please!"
 But he kissed me then, and I forgot every State in the Union.



THE BAND OF THE "TITANIC"

"THESE ARE THE IMMORTALS,—THE FEARLESS."

—*Upanishads*

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

UP, lads! they say we've struck a berg, though there's no danger
 yet,—

Our noble liner was not built to wreck!—

But women may have felt a shock they're needing to forget,

And when there's trouble, men should be on deck.

Come! now's the time!—they're wanting us to brighten them a bit;

Play up, my lads—as lively as you can!

Give them a merry English air! they want no counterfeit

Like that down-hearted tune you just began!

I think the Captain's worried, lads: maybe the thing's gone wrong.

Well, we will show them all is right with us!

Of Drake and the Armadas now we'll give them such a song

Shall make them of the hero emulous!

When boats are being lowered, lads, your place, and mine, is here,—

Oh, we were never needed more than now!—

When others go, it is for us those left behind to cheer,

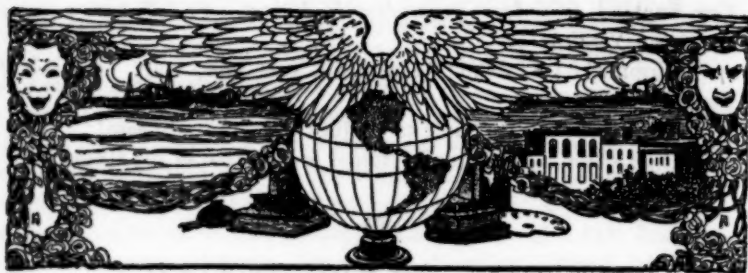
And I am glad, my lads, that we know how!

If it is Death that's calling us, we'll make a brave response.

Play up, play up!—ye may not play again—

The prize that Nelson won at last, the chance that comes but once,

Is ours, my lads!—the chance to die like men!



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC



THE TYRANNY OF SPEED

A COMMITTEE of citizens taking a distinguished Japanese gentleman on a tour of the city showed him the Subway during the rush hours. The passengers, as usual, were rushing after and crowding wildly into the halted and packed cars that waited at the platform, although another, invitingly empty train was entering the station.

The Japanese gentleman inquired why the passengers did not wait for number two. He was told that the first train reached the Bridge three minutes ahead of the second one. He mused a moment. "What they do with thlee minutes?" he asked wonderingly.

He had not yet learned of our great national speed insanity. We ourselves are not quite aware of its intensity and its ugliness, for we really have not had the time to consider it. The rush habit has us gripped, and the way in which the hurried manner takes from our work, our play, our study, our domestic lives, and the emotional upheavals on which all romance and tragedy are based, and which constitute life itself, are not half sensed or appreciated by us as we whirl by.

Breaking records has become a fashion, and it is always speed rather than excellence that is the test. We are slow in but one thing—artistic accomplishment, until we go abroad and breathe in the more leisurely atmosphere; get a whiff of the sea scents—a drift of good music—a stroll over the gravel among the marbles of the Salon.

Then suddenly it dawns upon us what life means when one takes

time to live it rightly. It is exactly as though every sense were doubled. We take in great draughts of realization, beauty, color, form. Existence stretches before us, a succession of beautiful vistas. And afar we see the sky!

Looking about the streets of the European capitals, we notice the steady gait of the men; the unhysterical set of the head, the slow, elegant walk, of the women; and at once it is born to us, the tremendous tension we keep up at home in our pleasure and our pain—even our funerals are now by motor.

The motor is rampant abroad, but it is not in the blood of the Londoners and Parisians as it is in ours. They take time over there to think of their dinners and their love affairs, besides the buying and the selling.

Speed, hurry, rush—doubtless they are effective as commerce accelerators, but they are death to æsthetics. We have ceased to write letters, we propose marriage by wire and hold the wire until we hear the answering coo. Nothing can be funnier than the way in which we take our holidays. And an ordinary evening's joy is a Marathon between the office, the dressing-room, the dinner-table, the theatre, the supper, then home.

Life to us takes on the guise of scenery passed through on a fast express. Houses, humans, cows, sheep, flash by in confusion. We get impressions rather than clear views. Even our friendships, our loves, and our hates are misty, indistinct affairs, that come and go and become dreams.

Our memories are blurs, for the rush of To-day is upon us, and To-morrow is treading upon our heels. A hand-clasp and good-by, and we part from a comrade, each hurrying on his own way, for there is no time for cronyship. Our national gait and our quick lunch system have made countless thousands merry. We are the Push!

Not long ago *Punch* published a picture naïvely called "A Scene in America." A ferry has pushed off quite a distance from the dock, and two belated passengers are portrayed poised midway in the atmosphere, in the act of jumping for the boat, while the other passengers look on admiringly.

"Thank goodness we'll catch it," says Jones. "There's not another for a minute and a half!"

We would not, if we could, put on the manners and moods of the Orient. They would sit on us as unbecomingly as the turbans of the Hindu or the jewelled robes of rajahs. But we can learn a few lessons in leisure from our English neighbors, cultivating their rose-gardens and stopping an hour each day for tea, though the heavens fall.

And the Parisians with their *grand déjeuner*, their coffee under the trees on the Bois, their hour for the *aperitif*—so many pauses, in fact,

for pleasure, that the business day is cut to a few hours, and it suffices. The speed-maniac may call upon us to observe our own achievement, our progress, our healthy democracy, and a lot of other things. But is the art of living rightly not worth-while? Are we getting as much out of life as we might if we stayed our pace and went more slowly down the path that leads into the sunset?

KATE MASTERSON

FALSE REALISM

REALISM on the stage! To what grotesque and even ridiculous extremes is this idolatry not driven nowadays. Certain managers—and you must not fancy they were producing melodrama—have even gone so far as to conceal real letters (only mentioned in the play), written with faded ink, in real drawers never opened; real books, invisible to the audience, in equally invisible book-cases; real flowers in real earth outside quite unreal walls. All this, they say, with considerable pride in their cleverness and subtlety, gives an effect of truth, of actuality, of realism, it supports the actor with confidence, hypnotizes him into the belief that he is not acting the part, but living it in a real house, a real street, etc.

I hold that it does absolutely nothing of the kind, and that the actor who acknowledges these influences acknowledges his inferiority. Moreover, I believe that an actor has no right to fancy himself living the part, or forgetting his environment. If acting is an art, that is, an idealization of nature and life, then as soon as the actor forgets that and abandons himself to his own feelings, he steps without the magic circle, he loses intellectual and emotional control of his part and his medium, and instead of simulating a consistent character, is merely himself. To be oneself is commendable everywhere but on the stage. The drama requires that measure of idealization, of art, or even of artificiality, which gives us something of the glamour and soul, or at least the semblance, of truth lifted above the actual and the commonplace,—as some poetic painting by a great master transcends the real landscape itself, or any faithful photograph of it.

Truth to life—there must be more than *that* in the rendering of a play, as there must be more in the play itself. In other words, if everyday life itself were transferred to the stage, and the players were merely ordinary people from actual streets and homes, not acting but living their parts, speaking in their everyday, absolutely natural manner, we would all fly the dull and deadly spectacle. Yet nothing could be more “real,” “truer to life.”

What the stage most requires is not realism, but the suggestion or essence of it. Essences do not consist in such merely material things

as inconsequential paraphernalia, trappings and properties; essences are spiritual. If the genius of author and the genius of actor are not sufficient to evolve them from within by purely human means, nothing will evolve them from without by mechanical ones. On the contrary, such merely material supports and agents inevitably tend to make the actor become a mere agent himself; he depends upon them instead of upon himself. Amidst open flies, canvas walls, footlights, painted trees—all perfectly legitimate and necessary—it is difficult to imagine how any player could be under the illusion of anything being real, save perhaps the book or sword he must handle, but whose very purposes are in themselves illusions. It is this tendency to destroy, or to substitute something meretricious for, the imagination of both actor and audience which has in turn almost ruined great acting, and the appreciation of such acting.

Sound, simple, and even subtle esthetic principles ought to dominate all stage-settings; but they ought always to remain scenes and settings, subdued backgrounds for the relief of the life depicted before them, not loud, exact, vivid, or obtrusive imitations of reality to distract and compete with the actor. What is needed is not real scenery, but real emotion, sublimated, heightened, and transfigured.

I have just attended one of the most poignant and dramatic murder trials that ever took place at the New Bailey in London. Its chief figure, the accused, stood picturesquely and defiantly in the dock with folded arms and heroic mien, the periwigged judge sat high amid all the terror and majesty of the law, motley witnesses gave graphic evidence, learned barristers pleaded or denounced, and all England looked on, absorbed as in a play. But had that scene, without change, been transferred to the stage, it would at once have become flat and commonplace. For, assuming it then to have been mere acting, we should have missed that which art alone can supply to make us forget all simulation and falsity—not the presentation of the world "as in a mirror," but the presentation of the truth as in our souls.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE PANAMA CANAL

IT will help us to solve rightly the problem of the Panama canal tolls if we brush aside all conflicting arguments and ask ourselves why we built the canal.

Did we build it as a commercial proposition? Not at all. The Panama canal is primarily a naval insurance policy. Our coasts are rich, our army is small, steam has made havoc of the distance which once protected us, we must look to our navy for our defense. But without an Isthmian canal our navy is at a frightful disadvantage. It is

twice as far from New York to San Francisco by sea as it is from Yokohama to San Francisco. Without an Isthmian canal, we must either maintain two navies, one in each ocean, or trust to luck and the embarrassments of our possible enemies. With the Panama canal finished and properly fortified, the effectiveness of our fleet is doubled without the addition of a single battle-ship.

Now, speaking as individuals, do we ask our insurance policies to pay dividends? Hardly. The protection is the essential thing; any profit which results is incidental, a mere by-product.

It seems to me that the same reasoning applies to the Panama canal. As a nation, we are repaid for even our tremendous investment by the increased efficiency of our fleet. To ask a commercial profit in addition is to ask more than any one ever got for anything. Indirect commercial profit there will be, of course, in the stimulus of cheaper freight rates between the oceans. But to charge tolls which will provide interest, sinking fund, and operating expenses of the canal is to saddle one part of our commerce with our most important naval expenditure. It is doubtful if that part of our commerce could bear the load; it is certain that it ought not to bear it. If the canal tolls are fixed at a point where they will pay the bare operating expenses of the canal, they will be quite high enough.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

WOMAN'S FOOT

IT has been for some years an open secret in the shoe trade that woman's foot is surely growing larger, yet the general public is just awakening to the fact. The owner of the foot has not taken pains to advertise this increase in size; and the shoe-dealer, for reasons which are obvious, has been quite content to allow comments which might be regarded as personal to pass in silence. But gradually the secret has leaked out, and, best of all, the woman who has striven for years to crowd a No. 6 foot into a No. 5 shoe may now rejoice that she is liberated from these "prison cells of pride" without bearing the marks of disgrace.

Intelligence comes from Chicago that a foot has been discovered corresponding in every detail to the model outlined by the artist as an ideal on the verge of extinction, the owner being a woman attorney. It is fitted by a No. 6 shoe, and the beauty of the arch and general outline is so pronounced that the woman physician who first called public attention to its artistic form is so enthusiastic over the subject that she is going to deliver a lecture on the beauty of big feet.

But there is a greater significance than the mere artistic, important though this may be. The increased size of the foot is but an attendant

feature of a more completely rounded life. The Chinese women of a generation ago bound their feet until they were practically helpless. To-day they place a sword in the belt and march against the enemy. From the personification of dependence, they have emerged into activity. The American woman of yesterday prided herself upon her ivy-like nature. Semi-invalidism was in many instances seemingly an accomplishment. When she "set her foot down" was the only time at which the pedal appendage was to be regarded as a thing of magnitude save at the risk of incurring her most emphatic displeasure.

To-day she glories in outdoor sports. She is loath to admit that what man has done she cannot do. Her physical development has kept pace with intellectual training. And thus with the larger radius and the firmer tread she has come to need the larger shoe. True, the high heel is in some instances still tripping her; yet this extreme must ere long yield to a sane medium. She has already learned that the wasp-waist is not Venus-like; and the natural curved outlines of the foot, which are an epitome of grace and usefulness, will become a source of pride to her, even though they do exceed in size the former limits of propriety and beauty.

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

JUMBOISM

ONE enemy of the American stage has been Jumboism, from which the late New Theatre in New York City was a sufferer. A New York newspaper observes that the work of the tiny Abbey Theatre in Dublin has meant more for the stage and for theatre-goers than the New Theatre did with all its millionaires and plush. This is true enough, and in his second New York experiment, which involves building a house to seat only three hundred persons, Mr. Winthrop Ames, formerly director of the New Theatre, may well accomplish a great deal more than he did in Central Park West. Most of the reforms and innovations that have marked theatrical experience in the last fifty years have been accomplished in small houses. Antoine in Paris, and Reinhardt in Berlin, made their reputations as managers of theatres that could pretty much be set upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. One is glad to get as far away as possible from some opera singers, but in the case of comedy intimacy between actor and audience is as important as is wit in the repartee and soundness in the social criticism.

W. B. BLAKE



INDUSTRIAL BONDS

By Edward Sherwood Meade, Ph.D.

BY Industrial Bonds, we understand primarily the bonds of manufacturing companies, corporations producing iron, iron and steel, machinery of various kinds, textiles, refined sugar, etc. We exclude from the classification of industrial bonds the bonds of mining companies and the bonds of so-called public service corporations which supply gas, water, light, and transportation to municipalities.

The investor must exercise great caution in purchasing industrial bonds. These securities are attractive in that they usually pay $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6% interest, and can frequently be purchased at prices sufficiently below par to add considerably to even this high yield. Their security, however, is as a class by no means so good as the security of the other classes of bonds which we have investigated in this series of articles.

The bond-buyer, it should be remembered, surrenders a chance of participating in the increasing earnings of the company in exchange for a guarantee of a fixed rate of return on his investment. If this guarantee is in any way doubtful, the low price and the high interest return at which the bonds can be purchased will usually be found to be insufficient insurance against the risks of loss. Manufacturing companies, as a rule, cannot give these satisfactory guarantees of security. The causes to which this inferiority of security is due can best be understood by comparing manufacturing industry from the standpoint of permanence of the income, out of which the interest on the bonds must be paid, with that industry upon which most of the securities of the United States are based, the business of railway transportation. The bonds of manufacturing companies are inferior to railway bonds for the following reasons:

First: The demand for any manufactured product is less stable than the demand for railway transportation in the same territory.

Second: Manufacturing companies are more exposed to competition than railway companies.

Third: The location of manufacturing industry is more liable to frequent changes.

Fourth: The personal equation enters more largely into the management of manufacturing companies than into railway management.

Fifth: Manufacturing industry is more complex, less visible, and therefore less easily understood by the investor, than the business of railway transportation.

Let us take these points up in order. The demand for the products of a single industry, such as steel, is limited to a small portion of the total number of commodities produced. There are a thousand articles clamoring for the money of the consumer. At best, each commodity can absorb only a portion of the demand. The demand for railway transportation, on the other hand, is represented by every commodity of commerce. It corresponds very closely to the entire supply of commodities produced. What is wanted in the earnings of a company to make its bonds secure is stability. Wide fluctuations in earnings, which bring them down close to the limit of fixed charges, always impair the security of the bonds. It is an acknowledged principle of trade, that the broader the demand for the products or services of an industry, the more stable are its earnings. This principle is based upon the observation that a large and diversified demand is but slightly affected by any single influence; while if this influence is left to operate by itself upon the price of a commodity or service, it produces wide fluctuations. The withdrawal of 10,000 gallons from a stand-pipe appreciably affects the level of water in the pipe. If the same amount is withdrawn from the reservoir, however, there is no visible change. This illustration may be used to explain the instability of the demand for railway transportation as compared with the demand for coal, sugar, or steel. The railroad company is patronized by the producers of every commodity. What it loses in freight earnings from a decline in price or supply of one group of products, it often more than regains by advances in others. The manufacturing company, on the other hand, by producing at the most only a small number of products, has no such compensation for a falling-off in demand. It cannot turn its plant to producing something else. The steel plant, for example, cannot turn to sugar, or the cotton-mill to the production of shoes.

A railroad, however, can turn from the transportation of hard coal to the transportation of soft coal, or from the transportation of grain to the transportation of manufactured goods, or from carrying iron ore to carrying sand, stone, and cement. It has a thousand uses for its plant, while the manufacturing company has only one. The classified freight traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, contains 36 general classes of freight, some of which comprise thousands of individual articles, and all of which, taken together, make up 125,175,068 tons hauled by the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1911. Each of the manufactured commodities which the Pennsylvania Railroad carries is produced by some industrial concern, each of these commodities is acted

upon by a variety of influences which affect its supply and demand, and through these increase or diminish the profits of the business which produces it.

The production of anthracite coal, for example, is reduced by a strike. As a result, the demand for bituminous coal is increased. A failure of the corn-crop reduces the profits of the farmer and the stock-raiser. A reduction of the tariff lessens the profits of the sugar-refiner, and a reduction of the internal revenue duty on manufactured tobacco increases the profits of the tobacco trust. Profits and prices are in a state of constant change. No manufacturing industry can be certain of its earnings a year hence.

But from these perturbations of commerce, the railway company, to a large extent, is protected. The immense variety of its traffic prevents rapid changes in the gross amount. What is lost on one commodity is often regained on another, and the total tonnage is not reduced. The experience of the Pennsylvania Railroad during the anthracite strike of 1902 is in point. This road hauls both anthracite and bituminous coal. As a result of the strike, the anthracite traffic was cut off, and the anthracite railroads, such as the Reading and the Lehigh Valley, suffered a heavy loss. But the Pennsylvania hauled a large part of the bituminous coal which took the place of anthracite in the Eastern markets, and the increased earnings from this source more than offset the loss on anthracite coal.

Manufacturing industry shows no such agencies toward stability. On the other hand, manufacturing industry is growing constantly more specialized. In place of producing all kinds of shoes, for example, the shoe-manufacturer will come gradually to specialize in women's and children's shoes, and then in women's shoes only. A manufacturer of machine tools, as the demand for his product increases, will gradually concentrate his production upon lathes, and eventually he may concentrate on a single lathe for specialized work. Large advances in specialization increase the liability to wide fluctuations in demand, corresponding changes in profits, and resulting instability of security.

Manufacturing industry is more exposed to competition than the railroad. A railroad company has a natural monopoly. After the territory through which its line passes has been fully settled, and the day of State and local donations of land and cash has passed away, competition becomes very difficult. More especially is this true because of the increasing expense of terminals in large cities. The Baltimore and Ohio was forced into bankruptcy in 1896, among other causes, by the cost of its entrance into Philadelphia, where it hoped to compete with the Pennsylvania; and the Gould interests, after spending \$30,000,000 in an attempt to gain a foothold in Pittsburgh, have been prac-

tically forced from the field of competition in that city. Even where railway competition exists between the larger cities, the local traffic is generally free from its influence. Moreover, the way and structure of a railroad may be considered as a permanent equipment, to which the company is constantly adding. This equipment changes very slowly and no faster than it is worn out, but, on the other hand, a well-managed manufacturing concern is constantly throwing into the scrap-pile valuable machinery which has been supplanted by some new invention, which must be installed in order to meet competition.

As a railroad grows, the value of its property is constantly being added to and the cost of duplicating it increases to a point which renders it almost immune from the danger of competition. The manufacturing industry is seldom free from competition. Even the United States Steel Corporation, with all its advantages, has been unable to retain the control of the market of the steel trade in the United States, with which it started. Its percentage of the total production has gone steadily down. Now that the Sherman law is being so effectively enforced, the possibility of monopoly in manufacturing industry may be considered even more remote for the future, since combinations by which the monopolies of the past have been built up are put under the ban.

Even the patent monopoly is subject to such conditions and limitations as to render it of little value in furnishing security for bond-issues. A patent expires at the end of seventeen years. The originality of the invention must be tested in court before the patentee can be certain of legal protection in his right. If the invention proves valuable, there are always men or corporations who will attack its originality in the hope of either invalidating the invention in whole or in part, or of receiving money to withdraw their claim. A recent illustration is the invention of the Taylor-White process for the manufacture of tool steel, from which the owners, for a number of years, drew a large income, but which was finally declared to be non-patentable. In this day of accumulated knowledge, it is next to impossible to hit upon something which is absolutely new. Somewhere in the world—it may be in some obscure laboratory, or in a corner of some workshop—the most promising invention has been at least suggested, and a suggestion of anticipation is enough for a contest.

The value of a patent, moreover, is constantly threatened by the danger of substitution. The end desired may be reached by some other road than the one upon which the patentee has the exclusive right to travel. As soon as the value of a patent is proved, men set to work upon the problem which it has solved in the endeavor to find some other solution, and it is but seldom that one of them does not succeed.

The writer knows of a case where a patent was granted for an improvement in a certain device, in which the only change was the substitution of a weak for a strong spring. As a basis for the security of investment, a patent is worthless. Save in the most exceptional cases, no well-informed investor would buy a bond of a company whose earnings were dependent on the monopoly of a patent.

Even those manufacturing industries which rely upon the monopoly of their control of raw material are not secure. It was supposed for a number of years that the United States Steel Corporation had achieved a practical monopoly of the ore supply of the United States. Certainly its control was sufficient to put up the price of iron ore to a point which made it exceedingly difficult for the independents, who were obliged to purchase their ore to make any money. These high prices of ore, however, stimulated the efforts to uncover any new supplies, and brought into use a large number of low grade ores found in the Eastern States, which it had not been profitable to work at former ore prices. Discoveries and development in the northern coast of the Island of Cuba also made enormous additions to the supply of available iron ore. At one mine on Nipe Bay, there is in sight over 500,000,000 tons of ore, which can be laid down along the Atlantic sea-board at much lower prices than this same grade of steel can be furnished from the Lake Superior mines.

The difficulty of achieving a monopoly of manufacture is but another expression for the liability of manufacturing industry to competition, and competition is always dangerous. It is true that a combination of good sense and good fortune may achieve success, but the danger of failure is always present; and even if success is achieved, its measure may be small. The constant imminence of competition makes the investor cautious about buying the long-time bonds of a manufacturing company. He may buy the stock, offsetting the risk by the higher returns on the investment; but in a bond which pays, at best, only a moderate return, the maximum security is demanded.

The three remaining considerations with which this discussion opened, bearing upon the inferiority of manufacturing bonds as compared with railroad bonds, may be passed briefly in review. The location of manufacturing industry is subject to sudden changes. The large amount of heavy iron and steel trade which was formerly controlled by Pittsburgh is now passing to the Chicago district, and the Northwest, it is expected, will be served from the plants erected at Duluth. The great textile and boot and shoe industries of New England are in serious danger, due to the steady progress of the sentiment in favor of a strict application of the long and short haul clauses. New England has been able to live and thrive because of the exceed-

ingly low rates, compared with rates charged in other parts of the country, which they receive on their raw materials shipped in, and on their manufactured products shipped out. If the long and short haul clause is strictly applied, and the railroad prevented from charging the same rate for long haul as it charges for short haul, the industries of New England must seek new outlets in the foreign trade for the domestic business which will be lost to them by the developments in the West and South.

The personal equation is far more important in manufacturing industry than in railroading. Take, for example, the immense strides which the Bethlehem Steel Company has been making under the leadership of Charles M. Schwab, whose equal as a steel-producer does not exist in the United States. Compared with his achievements, the record of the United States Steel Corporation indeed makes but a sorry showing. In manufacturing, the processes and machinery are so complex, and the necessity for change and improvement is so constant, that the ability of the manager is often the deciding factor in the success of the concern. Compared with the railroad, this inferiority of manufacturing is especially conspicuous. The operations of a railroad are simple and uniform. They repeat themselves under all conditions and in every section. The appliances of a railroad are also relatively simple, and easy to understand and operate. A locomotive engine is the most complicated machine of a railway, yet the mechanism of a locomotive is relatively simple. Railroading has been called an exact science. There is little difficulty in filling vacancies in the most important positions. Railway operation is now largely a matter of uniform routine, coupled with sound judgment in financial management, and tact and diplomacy in conducting negotiations with the public and with the employees. The investor in railway bonds may justly concern himself with the financial management of a property, but he can now be confident that the security of his bonds will seldom be impaired by blunders in the operating or construction departments.

The final consideration affecting the relative value of railway and industrial bonds is what may be called the "comprehensibility" of the two industries. The railroad is visible. The bond-buyer, it may be, rides daily over a portion of its lines. Its equipment and its operations are always in evidence. He can see the property and can understand its workings. This character of simplicity extends even to its reports. A properly kept railway report, to a man of average intelligence in such matters, is plain reading. The operations of a railway company consist in transporting a certain number of tons of freight and a certain number of passengers, for a certain amount of money. Its expenses are easily understood. Its equipment can be enumerated

in detail. The investor can follow its history from one year to another, and is not obliged to employ an expert to explain its reports to him.

But the manufacturing company has none of these advantages. Its plant is largely invisible. A holder of a United States Steel bond might obtain permission to go through one of the plants, but he would run some risk in doing so. His clothing would be burned into holes by flying sparks. He would have to dodge locomotive engines running at top speed around corners. He would be almost deafened by the noise and often scorched by the heat. Moreover, for all his pains, he would understand very little of what he saw, and he would not care to repeat the experience. The full report of such a company would be equally unintelligible to the uninitiated. What does he know about a universal plate-mill, or a Wellman-Seaver charging machine, or a Jones mixer? Probably nothing. He has never seen these important appliances of a steel-mill, probably never will see them, and would understand little about them if he should see them. The technical jargon of an engineer's report would be equally unintelligible. An investor who purchases industrial bonds buys into a company of whose equipment and operations he usually understands very little.

I would not be understood as condemning the entire class of industrial bonds. There are to be found bonds of manufacturing industries, especially those bonds issued under the serial plan, where the principal is rapidly extinguished out of earnings, which are reasonably secure. The high yield of these bonds is also attractive. There is no reason, however, why any one should buy an industrial bond to yield less than $5\frac{1}{2}\%$, even upon the soundest recommendation and after the most careful investigation.



THE imitation that is better than the original is not an imitation, but another original.

William J. Burtscher



FAME usually drops in after the undertaker has left.

L. B. Coley



THE young men of to-day would stand a better show of becoming successful if they'd roll up their sleeves instead of their trousers.

J. W. Babcock



PROSPERITY is one of the best recruiting-sergeants in the devil's army.

Harold Susman